Exclusive! Frank Frazetta Interview!

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GALLERY

INTERVIEW WITH FRANK FRAZETTA

Ellie and Frank Frazetta circa 1955

NO BULLSHIT: FRANK FRAZETTA IS THE ART GOD incarnate. The guy rules, and there's no way around that essential, universal truth.

To start with, it'd be pretty damn impossible to overestimate his impact on the visual image bank of modern fantasy. Before Frazetta came along, Robert E. Howard's Conan was an obscure pulp-magazine character known only to a small constituency of big-muscle/big-sword aficionados and collectors of small-press hardcovers. Sword and Sorcery had yet to exist as a viable subcategory of fantasy—itself regarded as nothing more than a debased form indentured by the larger pulp-lit plantation of science fiction (when in fact the other way around was/is more correct). And though you won't get too many die-hard true-believing Howard-heads to admit it, it was Frazetta who put the whole shebang—Conan, Kull, REH himself, his imitators, and the entire rampaging heroic fantasy subgenre—on the map.

It began with those now-iconic mid-sixties covers for Conan's first paperback appearance (Lancer Books; later used on the late-seventies Ace editions as well)—primal, now almost clichéd images of heroism, sex, and death that were at once brutal, beautiful, visceral, sensual, tactile, and thoroughly unforgettable. Here were luminously colored, vividly realized, and powerfully energized scenes of savage action frozen at the dense-packed moment of their most tension-ridden composition, compelling the eye's attention and propelling the imagination's flight. Though the work seethed with the urgency of a young hothead looking to make his top-gun reputation, the Frazetta of that time was far from some rookie on the make. In fact, he'd already put in nearly twenty years as a professional illustrator, doing comics notable for their perfectly rendered, savagely detailed pen-and-pencil work (he was Al Capp's ghost-hand on "Li'l Abner" for nine years in the fifties—though Capp later tried to deny it), and a slew of book covers (some pretty-damn-good work for Ace's early-sixties Edgar Rice Burroughs books, split with his friend Roy Krenkel).

But something changed when he got the Lancer Conan assignment. As he recalls now, "They treated me like a king over there! I'd bring the painting in and the art director would go nuts, calling in everybody in the office to show it to them." Obviously, a little encouragement helps; ditto letting the artist keep his/her original artwork (common practice these days, unheard-of at that time). "Ace's deal specified that the original belonged to them, so I just automatically didn't give them my best work." Their loss, obviously, and Lancer's gain—because those Conan covers were the best possible selling tools the books could've had (the series had total sales of something like ten million).

Since then, Frazetta's uncompromising vision—endlessly imitated but never equaled—has dominated the field, creating a sublime but arresting modern-classical style that's become the era's preeminent visualization of fantasy. Blessed with an innately, apparently innate ability to reproduce on paper anything his mind could conceive, this tough-but-nice Sicilian guy from Brooklyn effortlessly forged the paradigm against which every other fantasy artist has measured him/herself for the last twenty-five years. He imprinted his look into the visual estate of our collective imaginary landscape, and brought that world to lush, blooming life, fixing in the mass-mind's eye what had been the unsatisfyingly unsubstantial dream-images of others, inadequately conjured by clumsy words and reality-derivative pictures. There is no bigger sin in fantasy than being ordinary, and Frazetta's covers kicked ass on the mundane.

No doubt a good part of the man's success was also the magic/luck of having the right skills in the right place at the right time. After studying and mastering classical illustration techniques at a very young age, Frazetta's maturing talents and highly professional abilities left him ideally situated at the dawn of the fantasy-art explosion (a phenomenon he unquestionably helped ignite and fuel himself). Those Conan covers—as well as the ones he did simultaneously for Warren's *Creepy* and *Eerie* horror-comic magazines, and slightly later for the *Science* Fiction Book Club's John Carter of Mars omnibuses—became the first genre art to cross over into mainstream pop culture. This transition was greased by saturation poster distribution (an extremely lucrative sideline he's cannily kept within the family), and also appearances in such oddball places as RV side panels, tattooed biker biceps, and—key for penetrating the collective unconscious of young America—rock 'n' roll album covers, where his violent, doom-laden imagery resonated with the power fantasies of such seventies hard rock/heavy metal bands as Molly Hatchet and Dust.

The nineties find the chatty, affable guy in pretty good spirits. He's a healthy-looking sixty-two, pleasantly self-confident and seemingly unconcerned about his position as the era's premiere fantasy artist. He's the best, he knows it, and it's no big deal. Neither needing money nor having anything to prove leaves him free to paint at his leisure and indulge his lifelong sports jones. New work continues to emerge from his studio slowly but steadily, though the only recently published results are his "Death Dealer" covers for the heroic fantasy series he co-created for Tor Books (four so far) and the paintings he's done for Bridge Publications' *Writers of the Future* books (also available from them as limited-edition prints). He lives comfortably in rural eastern Pennsylvania, where he's got sixty-seven acres of land and his own lake. In the nearby town of East Stroudsburg he owns a block-long, solid-looking brick building which houses a "fantasy store" (selling stuff like masks, posters, and Halloween decorations) and a camera shop on the ground floor. Up two flights is the Frazetta Art Museum, a large, high-ceilinged loft in which several dozen of his original paintings are displayed. The museum—an inspiration of Ellie, his wife of thirty-three years—was set up five years ago, and is open for public

The child prodigy at work. Frazetta was eight years old when he painted this still life.

"When you start getting cute with me, I get completely confused. I want them to just leave me alone so that I can produce art that I love."

persual on Saturday afternoons (except January and February).

It's here, in a corner of the museum's brightly lit environs, that I sit with Frazetta and artist Mark McNabb (who not only helped arrange the interview, but also fetched me from a western New Jersey bus station) and have the thoroughly enjoyable two-and-a-half-hour conversation that makes up this interview. And I gotta say, it's a damn awe-inspiring experience to see all those beautiful things hanging up next to each other on the walls. These are images I know practically by heart from the book covers on my shelves, the four-volume *Fantastic Art of Frank Frazetta* series from Bantam/Peacock Press, and the posters that every kid growing up in the sixties and seventies had plastered up in his bedroom/dormroom—but here, they're somehow larger than life (even though, as paintings go, they ain't that large), brighter hued than I thought (as all originals are in relation to their printed successors), and in some cases subtly altered. The artist, it seems, is an incurable tinkerer, and sometimes, after a painting comes back from the publisher, he'll "fix" it if he doesn't like it. "The painting is what matters to me," he says. "I don't care if it's been printed already—if I see something that doesn't look right to me, I'm gonna change it."

HM: So, have you always been a god, or was that just something you came upon later in life?

FF: I was a child prodigy in the true sense of the word—at the age of three I was drawing far beyond my years.

HM: Obviously there's genetics at work here—did you have artists in your family?

FF: Nobody I can trace—the seventh reincarnation of somebody, maybe.

HM: Did you just sit down with a pencil when you were three and start drawing?

FF: Yeah—maybe younger.

HM: You have any idea what inspired you to do that? Where it came from?

FF: Yes. First of all, my grandmother lived in the same house as us, and grandmas are wonderful. My mother and father were too busy working, but my grandmother—I was her pride and joy. She used to sit and play with me, show me little books, play music for me, sing—and the pictures and the music just got to me. And my uncle Sam had about ten of these Burroughs Tarzan hardcovers in the cellar, with illustrations by J. Allen St. John—which were just great. And coincidentally, at the same time Hal Foster was doing the "Tarzan" daily strip. I got to see all this stuff—but why a kid that age should respond to such quality . . . I don't know. I just know there was something magical and wonderful about this stuff. And just for a little contrast, I also responded to "Popeye." You could see my taste was pretty good. And it all just stuck up here. *[Points to his noggin.]*

I remember I used to sneak down into the cellar and find the Tarzan books, and look at those pictures, and find blank pages in the book and just draw on them. I could draw all kinds of things then—all the popular comic strip characters like Mickey Mouse and Popeye—and I drew so well that it amazed everybody. It was the teachers in school that really got excited, though: the minute I hit kindergarten they decided I was a genius. I'd been getting that reaction at a very early age. They kept raving about having another Mozart here, and they insisted my family come up [to the school], and they asked, "What are you doing with this child? You've got a GENIUS here." They *insisted* I get sent to art school, so at the age of eight I was enrolled in some little—not an art school like Pratt, but just a one-room affair, run by an old Italian man—who was wonderful—and he had maybe thirty students of all ages, from eight to sixty.

It was the typical little art school of that period: plaster casts everywhere, so it still like that you'd paint from, or you'd work in charcoal or pastels, sculpt if you liked—whatever you pleased. I remember walking in there with my dad, and I saw that look on the teacher's face that said, "Oh no, another child prodigy." So he sat me down and gave me a little reproduction of some ducks, pinned it up on the board, gave me a pencil and paper, and walked away. Maybe a half-hour later he comes back and it's done. Nobody's paying attention to me, I'm just sitting there, anticipating his reaction. "Mamma mia! Mamma mia!" He's running everywhere with this drawing, yelling for everybody, running around like a maniac. He couldn't believe it. It just went on from there—I started winning awards one after another. I studied with him for a few more years—until his death.

HM: What sort of instruction did you get?

FF: Well, I was painting from plaster casts, and getting a feel for anatomy—but more than the anatomy itself, getting a feel for light and shadow, nice solid tonal forms. I did pastels, I painted bowls of fruit—it was good practice. In fact, I still have the two very first oil paintings I ever did at home. They're still lifes—not great, but for my age they were impressive. I had a touch, even then—I had style! Then, at age eleven I got to see my first live nude model—

HM: Uh-oh!

FF: Yep—at eleven. Boy, what a shocker!

HM: That's when you knew you'd be an artist forever, eh?

FF: *[Laughter.]* No, actually, the really positive thing that happened for me was that through those people I realized there was another side to the world—[beyond] this world of Brooklyn and the tough neighborhood I lived in. I saw these wonderful, sensitive people, who played classical music and opera. They were so beautiful! I didn't have to *fight* to survive here—it was great! But then I had to go home and look out for *this* kid, and look out for *that* one. . . .

HM: You get pushed around a lot?

FF: Yeah—I carried a schoolbag, and you just didn't do that. And I get pushed around and pushed around, and it was eating away inside me—'cause I wasn't a fighter. I was an *artist*! And this went on till I was about fifteen, when I decided I'd been pushed around once too often. I vowed, I'm never gonna let this happen again." I just couldn't live with it anymore. So I saw this real-nosed tough guy on the street one day, and I provoked him—I threw a rock at him. And he came swaggering over, and he said, "Did you throw that?" And I said, "Yeah, what are you gonna do about it?" He wasn't a big guy, but ugly, manly and mean. He *leaped* at me, and before you could snap your fingers I had *him* on the ground *screaming* for his life. (Grins.) After that incident I was a different guy—I *enjoyed* looking for fights. Which has nothing to do with art. . . .

HM: I don't know—I think it's a reflection of the passion you put into your work.

FF: I guess so. I didn't go around wielding a sword or anything, but I got into an *awful* lot of scrapes. I developed a reputation—but not as an artist—during those years!

HM: Were you athletically active?

FF: More than anyone I knew! I climbed ropes, I ran everywhere—I was Tarzan! I climbed trees, swung on ropes, ran along the tree limbs, and leaped from branch to branch. Fell out of plenty of trees! Only got hurt once—landed on my butt on a picket fence. I participated in every competitive sport you could think of. I was offered a contract to play professional baseball.

HM: How did you make the crossover into becoming a professional artist?

FF: An aunt of mine knew a professional cartoonist named John Giunta. I was really impressed by how professional he was—I was good, but *these* guys, whew! I couldn't believe their wonderful brush strokes! But I learned—quickly, as usual—and by the time I was nineteen I was famous, doing whatever I did in comics. Then I did "Trail Colt," *Thun'da*, and suddenly I was getting calls from syndicates and doing newspaper strips. . . .

And about that time Al Capp got ahold of me—and I made my big mistake. I signed on for what I thought would be the world's greatest job: it took me one day to simply draw out a Sunday page [of "Li'l Abner"] and mail it off. And I got a whole 150 bucks, which was big money back in the early fifties. And if I went to work with him up in Boston for a week, I'd get a hundred bucks a *day*! That was unheard-of! For the next nine years. . . . I heard later he denied that fact.

HM: Yeah, he claimed you only worked for him for a couple of weeks.

FF: I can't believe that! How did I accumulate all this stuff if I didn't work for him for that long? I have *tons* of it! I worked for him from the early fifties up until '61 or '62—I'd just bought a house and we had a falling out.

HM: What about?

FF: He called me up one day and wanted me to come up there [Boston]—it was an "emergency." One of the guys up there'd had a

Frank Fraietta today.

heart attack. I'd *just* moved into this new house with my wife and two children, and it was all a mess. I just couldn't go—the furniture was still all in boxes—but I told him I'd talk to Elbie and I'd call him back. So I called him back and said, "It's okay—the same deal, right?" And he says, "What do you mean?"—pulling this routine on me.

HM: And he'd been paying you the same for the whole nine years?

FF: Yes! I said, "A hundred dollars a day." And he moaned, "Oh, Frank, things've been rough!" "What do you mean, they've been rough? You've been paying me that all along—I've never asked you for a raise." And he says, "Oh no, things are different now." He wanted to pay half that amount! I replied, "I can't do it, sorry." He said, "You call me back—and don't waste too much time!" I answered, "No way, pal. I'm not calling you back," and hung up the phone.

HM: So there you were: no gig, no dough, new house, big family to support. What'd you do?

FF: Ah, I figured, big deal—I'll go out and take the industry by storm again! They'll remember me! Well, I went everywhere with my best samples—*Thun'da*, the Buck Rogers coven—I went to DC, even *Mad* magazine, and they all looked at me with blank expressions. They told me, "Styles are different now, can you do it like this?" That was the last straw, when somebody pointed to this *shlock* they were doing, and I was showing them art that's still regarded today as some of the best work ever done in comics, and they wanted me to do it like *this!* Frustrated and angry, I just walked out. George Evans came to my rescue. He had this extra work—I did some inking for him. And I wound up working for this sex-oriented paperback house, Tower. I did wash drawings of sexy girls for them—they loved my stuff, the first in a long time to appreciate it!

HM: Well, they knew good babes when they saw 'em!

FF: I guess—but nobody else seemed to! After that, Harvey Kurtzman stopped by and I did some "Annie Fannie" *he* hire. He said he wanted me to do my thing—do a Frazetta girl—which didn't look like Annie Fannie. Everybody loved it except Hugh Hefner. He objected, said it didn't look like the character anymore—too real, too voluptuous, too fleshy. He wanted it to look like the original version. Then *Mad* called and assigned me a portrait of Ringo Starr, for a "Blechh Shampoo" ad.

HM: I remember that! That was you?!

FF: Yeah, the same guy that painted Conan painted that one. And it led to a call from United Artists in Hollywood, who wanted a movie poster for *What's New, Pussycat?* And they loved what I gave them, and the money was incredible! We took a photograph of the first check.

HM: How did Clint Eastwood get into the act?

FF: That was later—in '77. This guy calls me, and tells me his bid on the phone that it's Clint Eastwood. I said, "Yeah, Clint Eastwood. Big joke." So they hung up on him. He calls back, and sure enough it was Clint Eastwood. So I apologized, and he laughed. He told me about this movie he was doing, how he saw my work, and wanted to come out and see me. He came in a limousine—it was an eerie summer day. It had rained, and my land looked misty and murky and very lush—not typical of his neighborhood in California. My place looked like a tropical jungle, which really impressed him. And he came inside, looking like a big college kid. We talked about *The Gauntlet*, my wife fed him peppers and eggs, and I took lots of pictures. He had some specific ideas about what he should look like on this poster, and made comparisons with a particular painting. He picked out one that he called his favorite and said, "I want to look like *that*." It was "Dark Kingdom," where the guy (a bearded, wing-helmeted, ax-wielding Viking warrior) is walking up the path at you. So I laughed and said, "You've got to be kidding!" "No! that I want to look like that," he said, "but I want that *look*." I mean, I've been handed some challenges in my time—this movie is a contemporary action film. I told him, "You're usually shown with a big gun in your hand, from a low camera angle—isn't that what you want?" "No, no," he said. "I want your look." So I drew about four or five thumbnails *my* way—quite radical changes for a Clint Eastwood look. He looked jungle and edible and dynamic in these roughs. And for laughs, I threw in one more sketch, which typified Clint Eastwood—standing tall. I told Ellie, "I'm sure he won't pick this one!" She said, "He probably will!" "No," I said, "The others are too good, he can't *possibly* select this one." Guess which one they chose? I couldn't believe it! The cliché Clint Eastwood look. And while I was painting it he came by with Sondra Locke and looked at it, and asked, "Could you get a little more squint in the eyes?" Which I thought was kinda cute. And I made Sondra Locke look real pretty—all I'd had were photos to work from and she looked different in every one of them. With her standing right there, Clint said, "Frank, she's not that pretty! Look at her—she looks like a bird!" And she playfully whacked him.

Those types of jobs just aren't any fun—especially when there are too many heads involved—too many opinions. That's simply not the way I like to work. If I don't like something in a painting I just take it out. I try to put into a painting only what I *love*, and when I find myself forcing things in that just don't excite me, it shows.

HM: In what way? There's something inhibiting . . . ?

FF: It doesn't look like a Frazetta. It's perfectly acceptable for a poster, but it doesn't have the power! I would've had him blazing away, but they wanted him just *standing* there! My other sketches [*springs up from his seat to strike some action poses*] had him like this—muscles rippling, the girl being tossed in the ride, the bus crashing . . .

That's what you have to put up with in the movie business sometimes. Stallone came out later—I got a call from his agent, a guy I knew from United Artists, saying, "Frank, Sly Stallone wants to meet you!" I said, "I'd love to meet him." He says, "But he's a little intimidated." And we all roared. "Stallone? *Rocky*? Intimidated?" He, too, imagined I must've been some kind of barbarian. He's really a nice guy, though. Once he saw I was a normal guy he relaxed and started joking with the kids. He wanted me to do the poster for *Paradise Alley*, but then he too started making strange requests. You know—"I want you to capture that feeling you have for character." And when I asked him to be much more specific in what he thought he saw, of course the impossible proceeded to come out. "We want a closeup of these guys wrestling in the ring, with their sweat, and the hold there—and at the same time zoom in on the audience, closeups on the drag—" And I said, "Wait a minute! Maybe I'm missing something here, but how can I be in two places at once?" "You can do it," he says to me! They're thinking movie here—how can I paint a closeup of the guys in the ring and closeups of the crowd at the same time? So I quote them an outrageous price, because I wasn't wild about doing it—they'd *have* to refuse, I figured. At first they accepted, and I said, "Oh, my God!" But they changed their minds. Thank goodness, because it would have been impossible. . . . Then the Japanese hired me to paint a picture that indicated sound. How do you paint *sound*?

HM: Uh, I don't know.

FF: Exactly. Sound!

HM: That was all you were given?

FF: Yeah—do anything that says "sound," because they were selling some stereo equipment. I suggested a warrior on a horse blowing a trumpet. And they said, "Yes, but will it look like *sound*?" What the hell was I supposed to do? I did this painting, and they proceeded to the final ad to draw in some sound waves, big crude lines right across this beam of light. I didn't know what to do—they didn't know what to do. They assumed I'd figure it out.

HM: Well, you're the artist, right?

FF: Yeah, I'm the artist. I paint pictures! It's difficult for me—sometimes. I really get all strung out when they give me stuff that doesn't immediately sit well with me. It becomes a challenge—not in the sense of creating good art, but it becomes an impossible task, where I feel that I have to create from a mishmash concept, just to sell their product or satisfy their needs. I don't do that. I just want to create beautiful images that are emotionally and intellectually satisfying. When you start getting cute with me, I get completely confused. I want them to just leave me alone so that I can produce art that I love. And I'm sure that if I love it, *they'll* love it. You may rest assured that I am my own toughest critic!

For a sixteen-page color catalog of Frazetta reproductions, send $1.50 to: Frazetta Prints, P.O. Box 910, Marshalls Creek, PA 18335. The museum, on N. Courtland Street in East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, is open Saturdays from 11:00 to 4:00 P.M., except January, February, and holidays. Admission is $5.00, and it's well worth the trip.

MAYBE SOMEDAY I WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO TELL YOU HOW, WHEN AND WHERE I MET DOCTOR GIUSEPPE GIULIBNI. FOR THE MOMENT LET ME JUST SAY THAT THANKS TO THIS HIGHLY ORIGINAL INDIVIDUAL I CAME TO LOOK AT LIFE FROM QUITE A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE.
ENEMIES
IN
COMMON
FOR THE SAKE OF PRECISION I WOULD LIKE TO SAY THAT DOCTOR GIULIBNI TAUGHT ME HOW TO LOOK AT THINGS FROM UP HIGH. I MEET HIM IN THE NACELLE OF HIS HOT AIR BALLOON, THE "VESUVIUS," WHERE I SPENT MOST OF MY TIME AS HIS ASSISTANT.

THE LAND OF THE BASSINGUTS, MY DEAR FRIEND, IS NOW OURS. AND THEIR MOTTO MUST ALSO BE OURS FROM NOW ON!
TO NAVIGATE IS NECESSARY... TO LIVE IS NOT!
THE DESIRE TO FLY IS THE SYMBOL OF FREEDOM AND THE OLDEST DESIRE KNOWN TO MAN... FOR A VERY MODEST SUM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE WILL OFFER YOU...
... THE UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY TO FEEL THE BREEZES OF TIVING UP HIGH, TO CROSS THE SKY LIKE BIRDS ON THE VESUVIUS'S OBEDIENT WINGS.

WE HAD BEEN IN FLIGHT FOR TWO WEEKS, AND EVERYTHING WAS GOING WELL. A BEAUTIFUL CLIMATE, LOVELY LANDSCAPE, AND MANY PEOPLE DESIRING TO EXPERIENCE THE THRILL OF THEIR FIRST FLIGHT ON THE VESUVIUS
ZZZZZ
¡clic!
¡TCHAC!
CLICK!
!?
OH!
¡¡UMP!!
AGH!

WE CAN ONLY CALL IT A SPECTACULAR FLIGHT WITHOUT PRECEDENTS ONLY THE "RED KNIGHT" COULD HAVE MANAGED SOMETHING LIKE THIS
THE "RED KNIGHT"?
YES. YES THE NAME OF THE GROUP OF TERRORISTS FRENCH COLONISTS WHO ARE FIGHTING AGAINST THE TUNISIAN NATIONALISTS
THEY HAVE ALREADY KILLED QUITE A FEW PEOPLE AND ARE PLANNING OR DOING WE WON'T BE LONG IN FINDING THEM BY THE SEWING GOODS, TO PUT THEIR GLOVES ON WE KNOW, THERE ARE SEVERAL CORSICANS AMONG THEM
GRRRR!
BUT WHY WOULD THE TERRORISTS WANT A HOT AIR BALLOON?
THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION WHEN WE FIND A GOOD ANSWER FOR IT WE WILL HAVE SOLVED THIS CASE
I HAVE AN IDEA WILL PUT 30% IN ALL THE PAPERS FOR ANYONE WHO HAS SEEN MY VESUVIUS
AND WILL OFFER A REWARD THE VESUVIUS IS VERY BIG AND THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO HIDE IT TOO EASILY
DOCTOR GALILEANI DOESN'T ALWAYS HAVE HIS FEET ON THE GROUND AND I'M NOT JUST TALKING ABOUT HIS PASSION FOR FLYING
HAD SUCH A BAD HEADACHE THAT DAY THAT I AVOIDED ALL ATTEMPTS TRYING TO MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND HOW NAIVE HE WAS
4

AND AS A REWARD I WILL TAKE SINVOHE WHO GIVES ME THE VESUVIUS'S PASSPORT AROUND FOR A FREE FLIGHT AL OVER THE COUNTRY. PLEASE PUT THIS IN THE BIO. M'SS
BUT SIRE YOU REFERRING TO A HOT AIR BALLOON?
YES YES IT SEEMS THAT TOR RORISETE AFFLICTED WITH THE WIND FLEW AWAY WITH IT. WHAT WAS THE WIND'S COLOR DIETER?
RED DOCTOR RED.
UNDER STAND.
I KNOW DIETER BUT MAYBE SOMEDAY SEN. IT END.

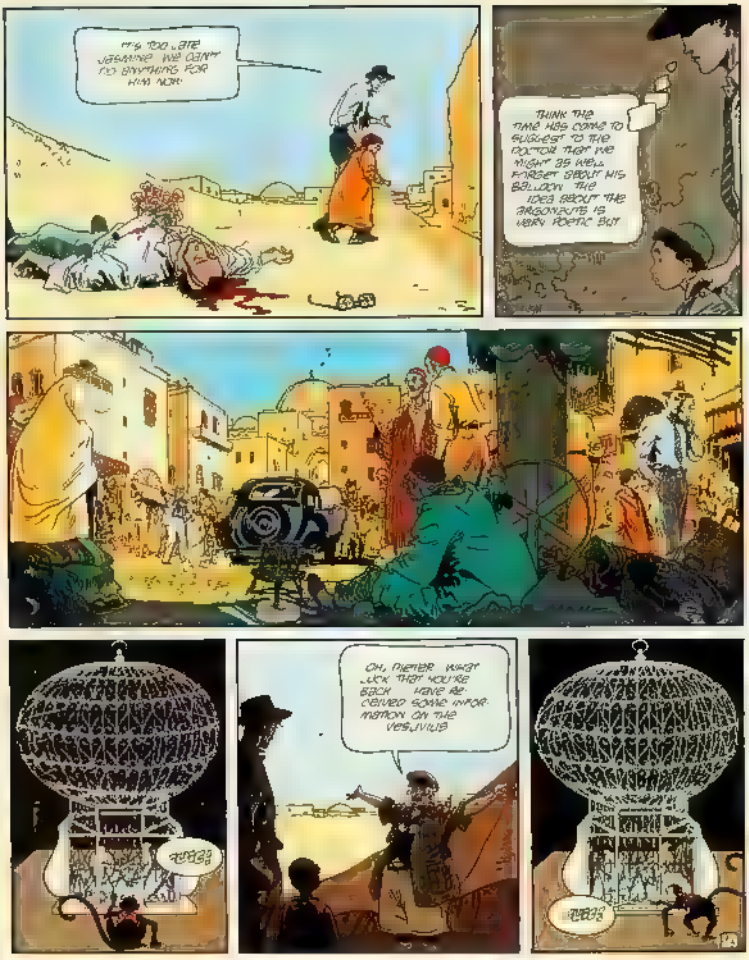
TO DO HIM JUSTICE, DOCTOR GALILAHI'S RIDICULOUS IDEA WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE READ HIS BIO IN THE PAPERS, RUMORS ABOUT A REWARD STARTED CIRCULATING AND...
DOCTOR GALILAHI DECLARE MYSELF BOTTOM WE HAVE BEEN FORTH PEOPLE AND THEY HAVE ALL TOLD US A DIFFERENT STORY I THINK I'LL GO FOR A WALK
BOOM
SEE YOU IN A WHILE MR FRIEND I'M GOING TO WAIT HERE A LITTLE LONGER MAYBE SOMEONE WILL SHOW UP WHO HAS REALLY BEEN MY VESUVIUS
YES. REALLY NEEDED TO WALK AND THINK THINGS OVER A BIT DIDN'T HAVE A JOB, BUT THAT WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO DOCTOR GALILAHI. THE VESUVIUS WAS HIS WHOLE LIFE AT THAT MOMENT. I ONLY WISHED FOR ONE THING TO HELP HIM GET HIS HOT AIR BALLOON BACK
JASMINE? SIR?
I COULD HELP YOU FIND THE BALLOON, SIR
YOU, TOO? WHY DON'T YOU GET IN LINE WITH THE OTHERS?
DIDN'T SEE THE BALLOON SIR BUT I CAN HELP YOU FIND IT. COME WITH ME

THIS ISN'T A JOKE, IS IT? I'M IN NO MOOD FOR ONE!
RUE DU MIGARD

THIS WAY SIR COME THIS WAY YOU WON'T HAVE TO RUN ANYTHING
THIS WAY SIR FOLLOW ME
COME UP SIR WE'RE VERY CLOSE
COME THIS WAY
THERE HE IS HE'S THE ONE WHO WANTS TO TALK TO YOU

THANK YOU FOR COMING, MR LUMPEN. IT IS VERY IMPORTANT TO US THAT YOU SUCCESSFULLY RECOVER YOUR BALLOON AS SOON AS POSSIBLE
GOOD. I SEE THAT YOU ALREADY KNOW MY NAME. WHO ARE "WE"? WHO IS "US"? AND WHY ALL THIS INTEREST IN OUR BALLOON?
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, MY NAME IS NOT IMPORTANT. LET'S SEE THAT AS A FUNERAL NATION IS NOT FIGHTING FOR THE FREEDOM OF MY COUNTRY
"THE "US" IS A GROUP OF ABOUT 1000 MEN AND WOMEN WHO WISH TO LIVE IN AN INDEPENDENT COUNTRY, FREE FROM ALL FOREIGN CONTROL OR DOMINATION. AND
THE BALLOON INTERESTS US BECAUSE WE THINK THAT THE "RED HAND" TOOK IT. IT IS MOST LIKELY THAT THEY ARE WANTS TO USE IT IN A TERRORIST ATTACK AGAINST US
TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT: WE HAVE AN ENEMY IN COMMON MR LUMPEN
"ENEMY"? I HAVE NO ENEMIES! ONLY WANT TO FIND
WATCH OUT!

¡BANG!
¡BANG!
¡BANG!
¡BANG!
AGH!
THIS TIME WE JUST WANTED TO SCARE YOU, MR LUMPEN
BUT IF YOU KEEP BLEATING INTO WHAT IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS
MURDERERS MURDERERS!
THOSE PEOPLE ALSO KNEW MY NAME BUT MOSTLY IT WAS CLOSE TO THE WAY I'D GOT IN THE CITY. JUST A BOUT ANYONE SEEMED TO FEEL FREE TO SHOUT AT ME IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF COURAGE OR LACK OF IT. I JUST HATE ANY KIND OF VIOLENCE THAT IS PERPETRATED AGAINST ME


IT'S TOO LATE JEBEDIAH WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR HIM NOW.
I THINK THE TIME HAS COME TO SUGGEST TO THE DOCTOR THAT WE MIGHT AS WELL FORGET ABOUT HIS BALLOON THE IDEA ABOUT THE ARGONAUTS IS VERY POETIC BUT
OH, NUMEN WHAT LUCK THAT YOU'VE BACK HAVE BE CEIVED SOME INFOR MATION ON THE VESUVIUS
AHEEE!
AHEEE!

BIRD WHEN I LEFT THERE WAS THE CAGE WITH THE DOVES NO ONE ELSE
"ABOUT THE VESUVIUS, FOLLOW THE DOVES." A MESSAGE THAT SAYS ALL BUT SAYS NOTHING
ANYWAY IT'S TOO LATE NOW, IT WILL BE DARK SOON WE CAN TRY TOMORROW
IN THE HOURS THAT FOLLOWED I TRIED, IN MANY DIFFERENT WAYS, TO TAKE THE DOCTOR'S MIND OFF THE VESUVIUS. HE HAD A GOOD TIME. BUT I'M SURE THAT THE VESUVIUS WAS ALWAYS PRESENT IN HIS THOUGHTS.
I MUST ALSO CONFESS THAT I WAS UNABLE TO FORGET IT, EVEN IN MY SLEEP
32

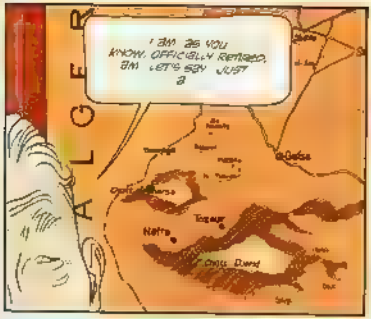
NOOOO!
NOOOOOO!
VESUVIO
VESUVIO
ESUVIO

OF COURSE THE DOCTOR INSISTED ON FOLLOWING THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE. WE RENTED A CAR, TO KEEP THE DOVES AWAY FROM THE CITY. IT WAS A GOOD IDEA
WHAT DO YOU THINK JASMINE? WHERE ARE THEY TAKING US?
"TO SIDI BOU SAID, ON THE COAST"

THEY'RE HERE! THEY'RE HERE!
TOC TOC TOC
DOCTOR GIULIANI, MR LUMPEN PLEASE COME IN COLONEL MORRISTHEN WILL SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY.
ANOTHER PERSON WHO KNOWS MY NAME.
PLEASE EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN BUT THIS YOUNG MAN.
IS COMING WITH ME
3

DOCTOR GILLIAN! WHAT A GREAT HONOR TO HAVE YOU IN MY HOUSE. COME IN. COME IN!
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO MEET THE HERO OF SO MANY ADVENTURES OF THE AIR FOR MANY YEARS.
I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU THAT BEGAN TO THINK THAT MAYBE YOU DIDN'T EXIST
NOTHING REALLY
I'M VERY SORRY PLEASE BELIEVE ME THAT WE HAVE TO MEET IN SIMILAR PAINFUL CIRCUMSTANCES. I AM REFERRING TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE VESUVIUS, OF COURSE
AND BY MERE CHANCE I'VE FOUND OUT THAT YOUR BALLOON IS IN
EXCUSE ME COLONEL
THERE IS A TELEPHONE CALL FOR YOU

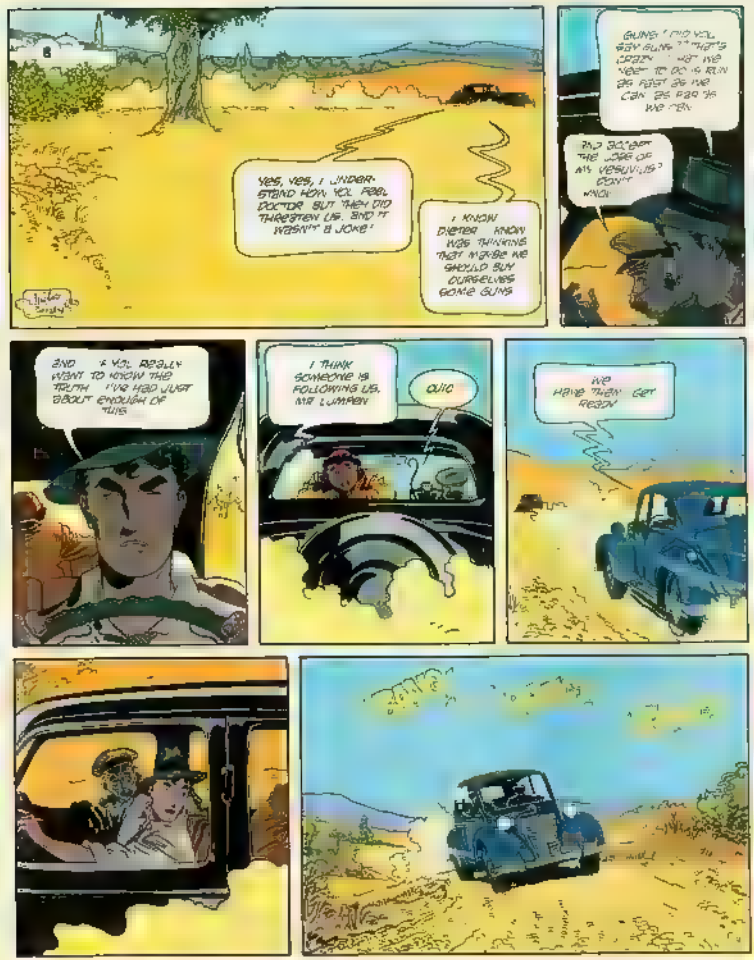
I WILL BE RIGHT BACK GENTLEMEN PLEASE EXCUSE ME
CARRIER PIGEONS BY ENGLISHMAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF COLONEL INOPPORTUNE TELEPHONE CALLS ALL THESE MYSTERIES AND ODD COINCIDENCES WERE MAKING ME VERY TIRED I COULDN'T HELP BUT THINK OF MYSELF AS DRIFTWOOD BEING TOSSED AROUND
YES INSPECTOR THEY ARE HERE I WILL TELL THEM THAT'S RIGHT WE'LL MOVE SO VERY GOOD I SHALL SEE YOU SOON
ALL IN 3 MOVE
CLAC
VERY WELL GENTLEMEN AS WE SAVING I CAN ALMOST SAY FOR CERTAIN THAT THE VENUSIAN IS AT THIS VERY MOMENT
IN THE CASES OF HEARTS
IN THIS CASE TO BE MORE PRECISE
GRAND GRANDTOUR
LOVE

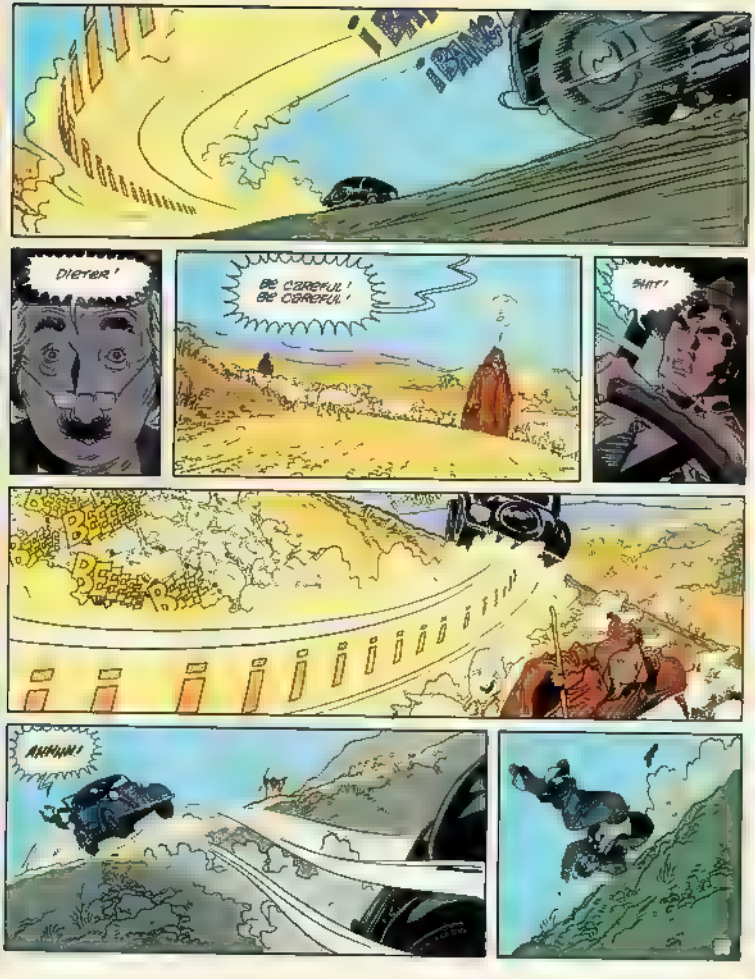


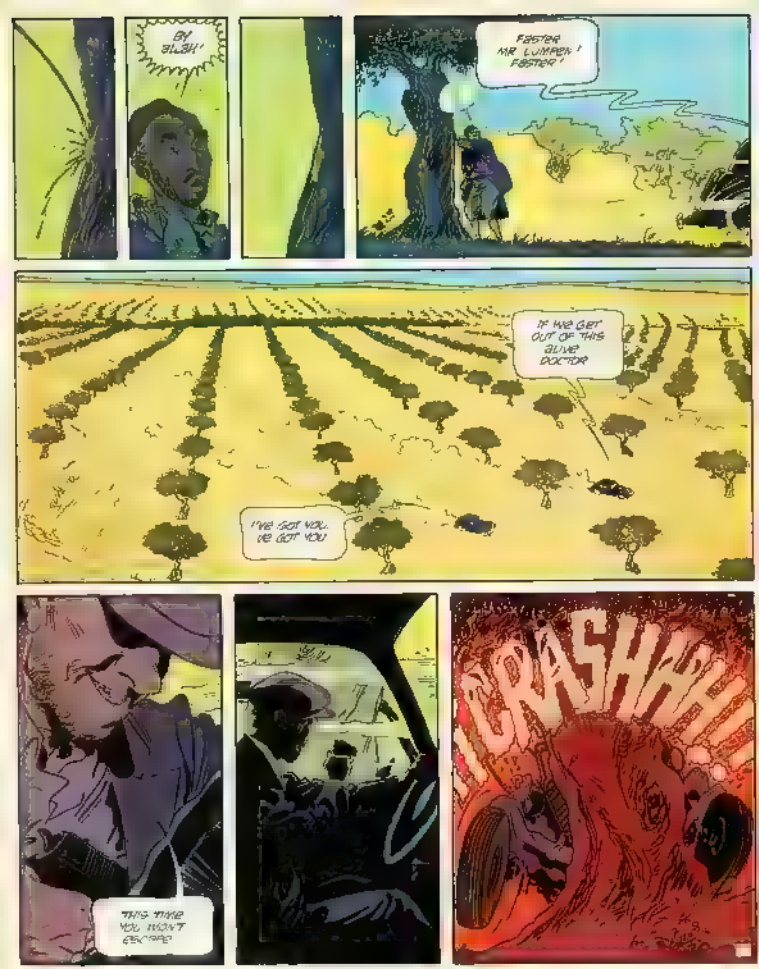
SUBJECT OF THE BRITISH CROWN, HA, HA, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO RETIRE FROM THAT. IT IS TRUE THAT WE HAVE SOME SYMPATHY FOR THE NATIONALIST MOVEMENT IN TUNISIA

VERY DANGEROUS PEOPLE. THEY ORGANIZE THE LEGITIMATE CLAIMS OF THE TUNISIAN PEOPLE. OR, FOR INSTANCE, THEY STEAL DOCTOR GIULIGNI'S HOT AIR BALLOON

THAT WAS JUST WHAT I NEEDED! NOW WE SHARED OUR ENEMIES WITH THE BRITISH CROWN. THERE WERE FAR TOO MANY PEOPLE TRYING TO HELP US. IN TASTE THAT POOR DOCTOR GIULIGNI DETERMINED TO LEAVE RIGHT AWAY FOR THE DESERT. HOW COULD I MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND THAT THIS WAS NOT OUR WAR!


6
YES, YES, I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL DOCTOR BUT WHEN DID THREATEN US. AND IT WASN'T A JOKE!
I KNOW DIETER KNOW WAS THINKING THAT WORSE WE SHOULD BUY OURSELVES SOME GUNS
GUNS! I DID YOU SAY GUNS ? THAT'S CRAZY... JUST WE NEED TO DO IS RUN AS FAST AS WE CAN AS FAR AS WE CAN.
AND DON'T TAKE ONE OF MY VERSIONS DON'T KNOW!
AND IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS
I THINK SOMEONE IS FOLLOWING US, MR LUMPEN
QUIC
WE HAVE THEM GET READY

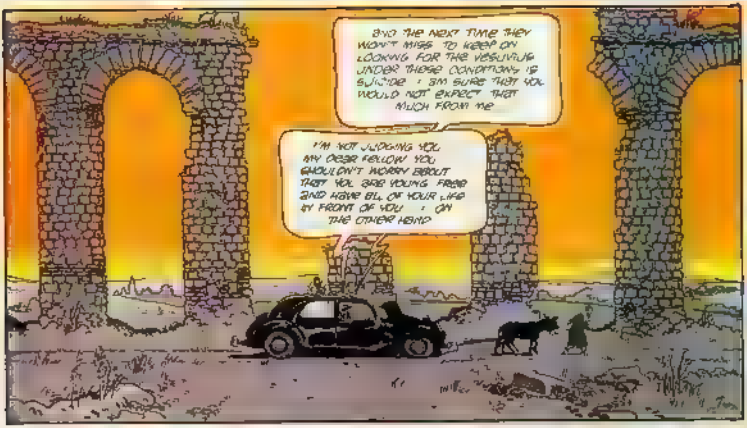

¡BANG!
¡BANG!
Dieter!
BE CZREFUL!
BE CZREFUL!
SHIT!
AHHHH!


EH BIJH!
FASTER MR LUMPEN! FASTER!
IF WE GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE DOCTOR
I'VE GOT YOU. I'VE GOT YOU
THIS TIME YOU WON'T ESCAPE
CRASHRR!!

BRAVO MR BIRD SIR!
YOU WERE GREAT DIETER THAT MURDERER WON'T COME AFTER US AGAIN
I NEVER IMAGINED YOU WERE SUCH A GOOD DRIVER
WELL DO WHAT CAN
YOU ARE VERY MODEST MY DEAR FELLOW YOU GAVE US AN AUTHENTIC DEMONSTRATION OF SKILL COURAGE AND SELF CONTROL
MR LUMPKIN!
AGAIN!
CRASH!
OBVIOUSLY DOCTOR GULLIAN HAD LOST A GREAT DEAL OF BLOOD IN KEEPING HIS MOUTH SHUT HE HAD ALMOST NO TIME TO REGRET HAVING PAID ME SO MANY COMPLIMENTS ON MY DRIVING SKILLS

IMAGINE THAT NOTHING WILL MAKE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND DIETER ?
YES DOCTOR PLEASE BELIEVE ME THAT I AM VERY SORRY BUT

HAVE DECIDED I'M GOING AND YOU SHOULD LEAVE TOO THE RED HEAD WILL TRY TO GET RID OF YOU TOO


AND THE NEXT TIME THEY WON'T MISS TO KEEP ON LOOKING FOR THE VESUVIUS UNDER THESE CONDITIONS I SUICIDE I AM SURE THAT YOU WOULD NOT EXPECT THAT MUCH FROM ME
I'M NOT LOOKING YOU MY DEAR FELLOW YOU SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT YOU ARE YOUNG FREE AND HAVE ALL OF YOUR LIFE IN FRONT OF YOU I ON THE OTHER HAND

AT MY AGE HOW COULD KEEP ON LIVING WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT DIDN'T MAKE ONE LAST EFFORT TO RECOVER MY BALLOON MY FLIGHTS MY CLOUDS ?

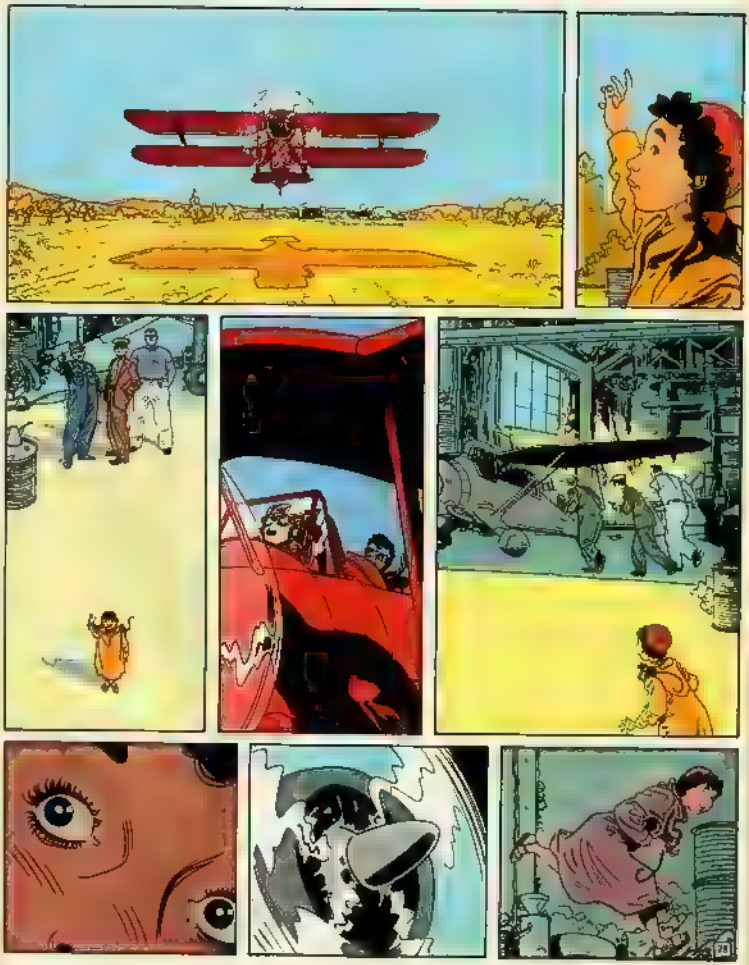
I LIKE LIFE AND FREEDOM AS MUCH AS YOU DO BUT IN MY CASE RESIGNATION COULD BE AKIN TO SUICIDE

IN SITUATIONS SUCH AS THESE THERE IS NO WAY OF SLOBBING THE PILL. WAS BEHAVING LIKE THE LOWEST WORM : WANTED TO HELP THE DOCTOR : KNEW HE NEEDED ME BUT WHAT COULD REALLY DO IF : WASN'T ABLE TO GET BEYOND THAT POWERFUL IF INVISIBLE BARRIER CALLED FEAR ?
THERE THEY ARE!
YES, IT'S THEM! ALRIGHT THEY MUST HAVE HAD AN ACCIDENT
DOCTOR GIULIANI MR LUMIERE YOU WILL HAVE TO COME WITH US CAPTAIN GORLOGE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU
?!

COURAGE? SOLIDARITY? BETRAYAL? NOTHING LIKE THAT CAN TO GET RID OF A FEW QUALMS OR YOUR COMMON SCIENCE IN FRONT OF THE LAW. MATTERS LIKE FREE WILL, GUILT OR SELF LOVE SIMPLY MELT AWAY. IN THIS CASE THE LAW WAS CALLED CAPTAIN GORLOGE AND HE'D A NIGHTMARE.
THIS IS WHAT'S CALLED AN UNTIMELY COMPLICATION BEYOND MATTERS OF FAR GONE GRIEF OF COURSE. INSPECTOR JULLIOT WAS
ONE OF OUR MOST ABLE INVESTIGATORS AND HE WOULD HAVE FOUND AND RECONNED THE VESUVIUS IN A VERY SHORT TIME
DID HE FIND OUT A FEW THINGS BEFORE THEY
YES YES IT MOST EVERYTHING GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES THAT'S LIKE SAYING ALMOST NOTHING
JULLIOT WAS VERY CLEVER AND VERY RESOURCEFUL I DO NOT KNOW HOW, BUT HE MANAGED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH
THE PERSON WHOM THE "RED HAND" HAD HIRED TO PILOT THE HOT AIR BALLOON I'M SURE HE WAS THE ONLY EXPERT IN THIS KIND OF FLYING THERE WAS IN TUNIS
ALEXEY ALEXANDROVICH OBLOMSKY !!

POOR ALEXEY ALEXANDROVICH MONEY WAS ALWAYS A PROBLEM
GOOD IS HE WHAT THEY CALL AN OLD ALCOHOLIC DOCTOR ?
ALEX ALEXANDROVICH OBLONSKY I CAN'T BELIEVE IT
OBLONSKY AND THE INSPECTOR WERE KILLED DURING ONE OF THEIR MEETINGS, NEAR THE PORT
AS YOU KNOW, DOCTOR, OBLONSKY WAS A MEMBER OF THE RUSSIAN ARISTOCRACY EXILED IN PARIS HE HAD BEEN LIVING IN TUNIS FOR A WHILE A MISERABLE LIFE, I'M SURE
YES OF COURSE THAT IS TO SAY THAT WE MET MANY YEARS AGO
WHEN WE FOUND OUT THE VESUVIUS WAS HERE HE THOUGHT HE FINALLY HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO PUT AN END TO HIS LIFE OF POVERTY HE DEVISED A PLAN AND OFFERED HIS SERVICES TO THE RED HAND GROUP PLEASE SIT DOWN GENTLE MEN

SO THAT WAS HOW THEY DECIDED TO STEAL THE HOT AIR BALLOON AND HIDE IT UNTIL THEY COULD USE IT FOR A TERRORIST ATTACK AGAINST THE NATIONALIST FREEDOM FIGHTERS.
IT SEEMS THAT THE VESUVIUS IS HIDDEN IN THE NEFTA OASIS
YES YES WE KNOW BUT THE OASIS IS VERY BIG IT WOULD BE LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK
INSPECTOR JULIOT WAS GOING TO TRY COLONSKY TO FIND OUT THE EXACT LOCATION AND KNOWING MAYBE COLONSKY EVEN OFFERED TO SELL THE INFORMATION TO MAKE MORE MONEY. WE'LL NEVER KNOW THE RED HAND.
FOUND OUT THAT HE WAS TWO TIMING THEM AND PIRE DECIDED TO GET RID OF HIM AND POSTPONE THEIR ATTACK RATHER THAN RUN THE RISK OF BEING FOUND.
GORLOIS KNEW THAT WITHOUT COLONSKY THE RED HAND COULD NEVE NEVER COME AHEAD WITH THEIR TERRORIST PLANS AND THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE HOT AIR BALLOON DID NOT CONCERN HIM GREATLY FOR US ON THE OTHER HAND THE SITUATION WAS MORE COMPLICATED. OUR ENEMIES CEASED TO POSE A THREAT TO US BUT WE STILL DID NOT HAVE THE VESUVIUS
DIETER MY FRIEND. HAVE AN IDEA?
NOT BAD. THEN 3D IN THE PAPERS
DON'T WORRY I DON'T WANT TO PUT MY SO IN THE PAPERS
THINK HEAVENS
WE WILL RENT AN AIR PLANE AND FLY OVER THE OASIS WHEN WE SEE THE VESUVIUS WE WILL MAKE A MARK ON OUR MAP AND WILL GO AND GET IT ONCE WE'RE BACK ON THE GROUND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY PLAN?
I WISH I COULD TELL YOU WHAT I THINK!



DOCTOR GRILLON WAS FULL OF SURPRISES. HE HAD NEVER TOLD ME THAT HE HAD BEEN A PILOT AND HE WAS AN EXCELLENT ONE

SLL : NEEDED NOW WAS TO SEE HIM GRACEFULLY FLY AWAY ONE DAY ON HIS OWN WINGS.

THIS CITY MUST BE KAIROUAN

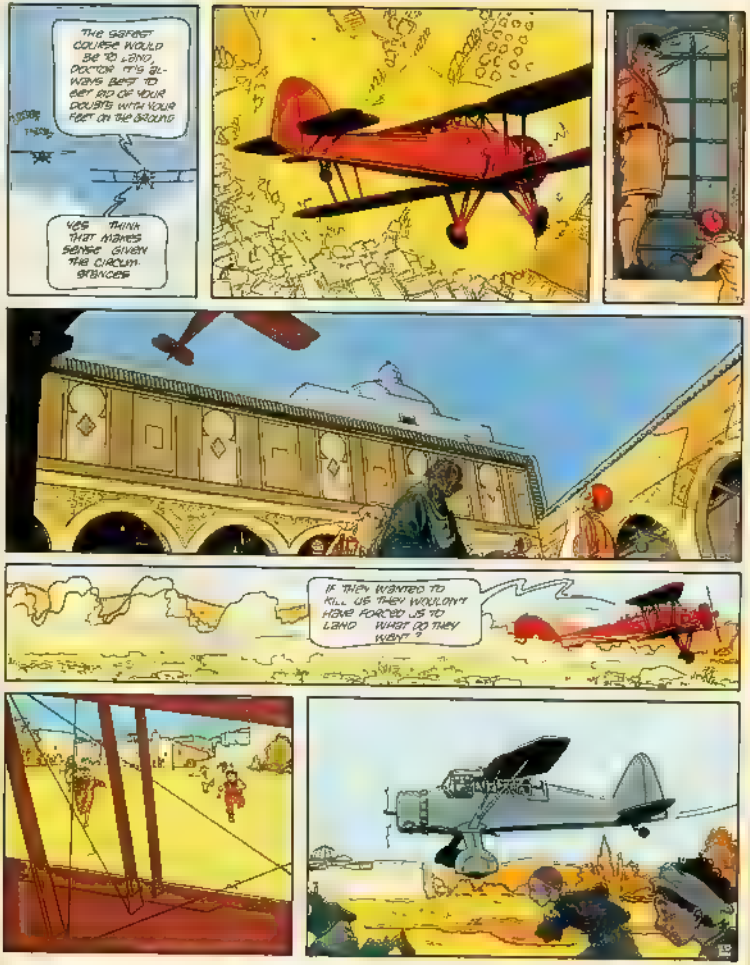
WE'LL FIND IT ! CAN FEEL IT !

DOCTOR DOCTOR ! LOOK OVER THERE TO THE RIGHT !

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO SAY TO US ?

I'M AFRAID THEY'RE TRYING TO TELL US THEY THEY ARE GOING TO BURST ONE OF OUR TIRES

BANG ! BANG !


THE SAFEST COURSE WOULD BE TO LAND, DOCTOR. IT'S ALWAYS BEST TO GET RID OF YOUR DOUBTS WITH YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND
YES. I THINK THAT MAKES SENSE GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES.
IF THEY WANTED TO KILL US THEY WOULDN'T HAVE FORCED US TO LAND. WHAT DO THEY WANT?

YOU CAN LOWER YOUR ARMS, MR LUMPKIN. THINGS HAVE CHANGED. SAID WE'RE NOT ENEMIES ANYMORE. ACTUALLY, THE OPPOSITE IS TRUE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
ONLY THAT WE NEED DOCTOR GIULIANI'S SERVICES. WE HAVE LOST OUR PILOT AND WE WOULD LIKE TO PROPOSE A DEAL.
WHAT? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU SAYING? DO YOU THINK THAT I
I SEE THAT YOU HAVE SURRENDED, DOCTOR. THIS WILL MAKE THINGS EASIER AND SHORTEN OUR EXPLANATIONS.
NEVER! NO WAY! I WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO USE THE VESUVIUS FOR AN ACT OF VIOLENCE. MY BALLOON.
I UNDERSTAND YOUR SCRUPLES, DOCTOR, BUT IF YOU INSIST ON BEING OBSTINATE YOUR FRIEND MR. LUMPKIN WILL PAY FOR IT
BOOOOM!
MURDERERS, BLACKMAILERS! WE'RE IN THEIR HANDS!
PANG!

DUCK!
OH!
WHAT DO YOU SAY, DOCTOR? DO YOU ACCEPT?
I'M SORRY DIETER, PLEASE BELIEVE ME THAT IT WAS A DIFFICULT DECISION. I KNOW I'M LETTING YOU DOWN, BUT I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE
I WILL DO WHAT YOU ASK
MANY YEARS LATER AND MILES AWAY FROM TUNIS, CONSULTED A SPECIALIST WHO TOLD ME THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR SOMEONE TO HEAR HIS OWN HIGH OR RELIEF ORGASM HAVE BEEN DREAMING BACK THEN

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO HERE, CAESAR

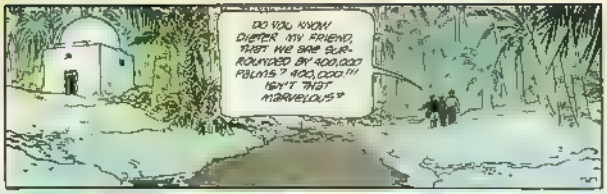
MY VESUVIUS!
WE HAVE TWO OR THREE BIT FURTHER THERE'S NO REASON TO LINGER HERE

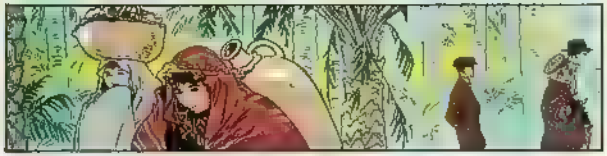
HERE WE ARE TELL HIM JUST THE PLAN AND LEAVE OUT THE DETAILS
OKAY

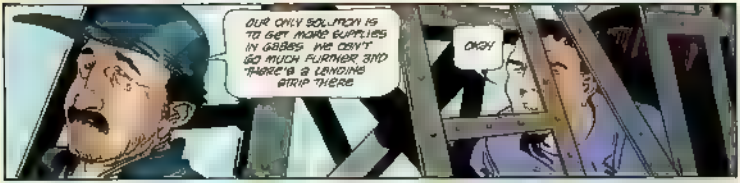
HEH YOU YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH WATER WE'RE LEAVING

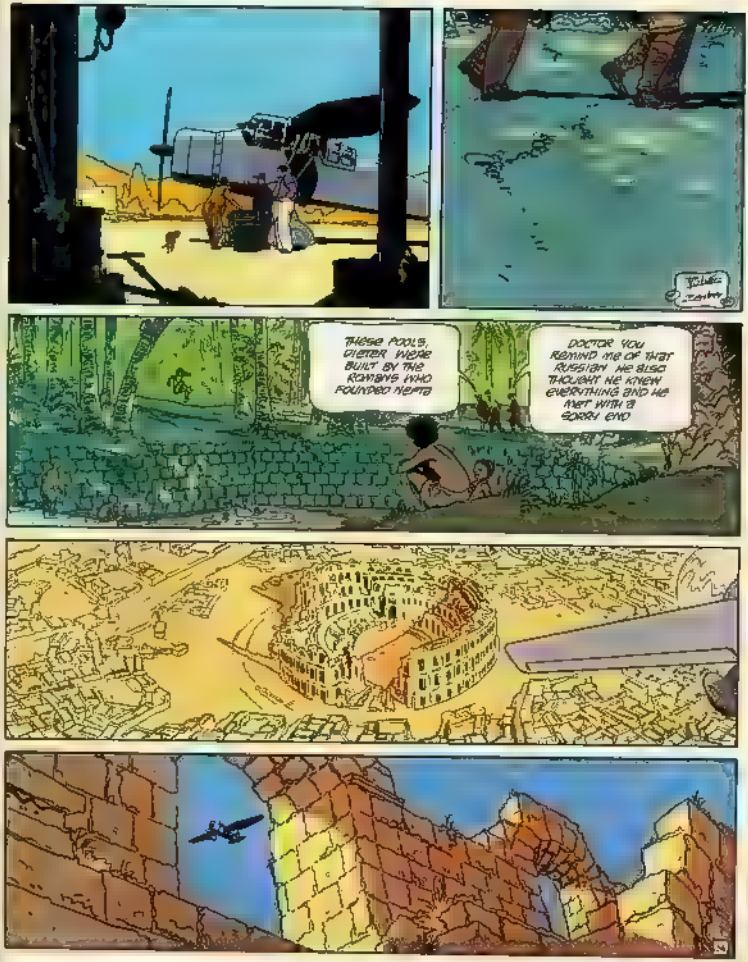
WELL GENTLEMEN WE HAVE A PLAN! NOW WALK AHEAD OF US

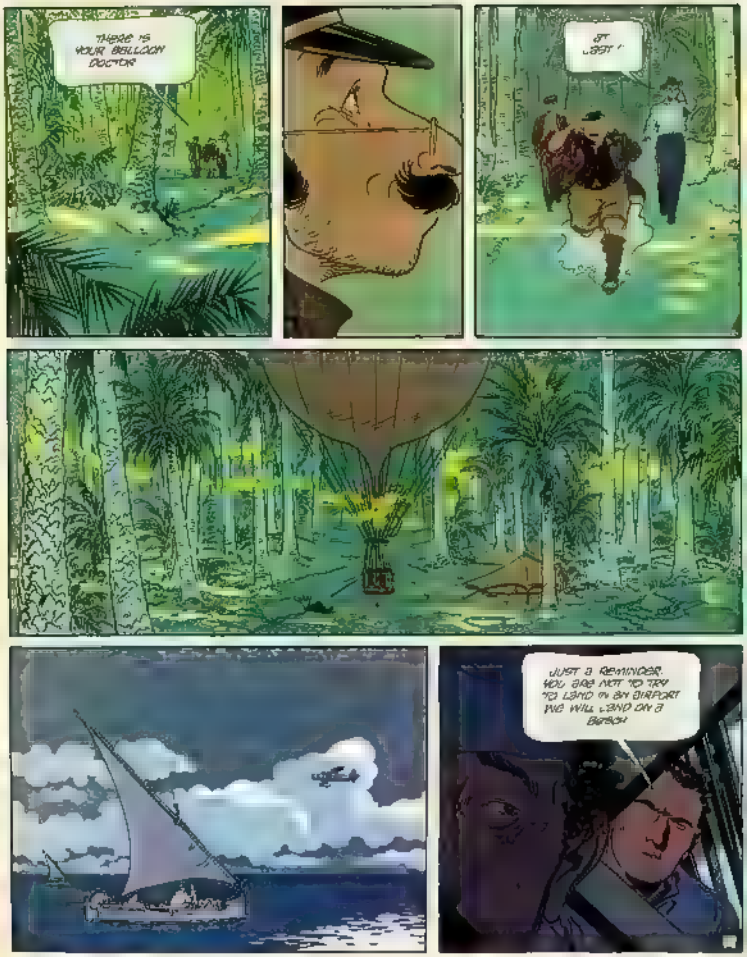
THE SIGHT OF HIS BALLOON HAD CHANGED DOCTOR GIULIANI'S MOOD HE HAD BECOME ONCE AGAIN THE MAN I USED TO KNOW AN OPTIMIST SENSITIVE TO NATURAL BEAUTY IT WAS AS IF HE HAD WOKEN UP FROM A BAD DREAM







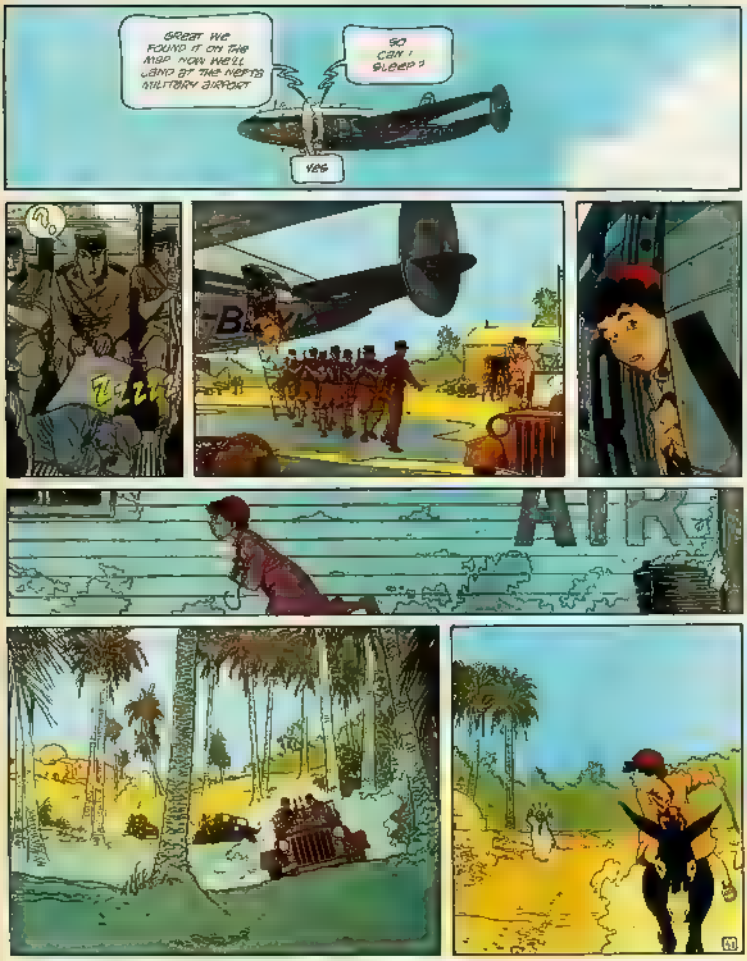

THESE POOLS, DIETER WERE BUILT BY THE ROMANS WHO FOUNDED NEATA
DOCTOR YOU REMIND ME OF THAT RUSSIAN HE ALSO THOUGHT HE KNEW EVERYTHING AND HE WENT WITH A SORRY END


THERE IS YOUR BALLOON DOCTOR
AT LAST !
JUST A REMINDER. YOU ARE NOT TO TRY TO LAND IN AN AIRPORT WE WILL LAND ON A BEACH

I THINK WE CAME HERE FOR NOTHING, KID. DON'T THINK THEY'RE GOING TO COME BACK
DON'T BE AFRAID. I'M SURE THAT TOMORROW OR THE DAY AFTER A FISHERMAN WILL COME BY HERE
YOU MUSTN'T CRY KID. YOU DID ALL YOU COULD. MAYBE WE'LL HAVE SOME NEWS TOMORROW. SOMEONE MUST HAVE SEEN THE BALLOON

DOCTOR DOCTOR! ARE YOU SLEEPING?
NO DIETER, MY FRIEND. I CAN'T SLEEP EITHER
DOCTOR WE COULD TRY TO
NO. DIETER IT ISN'T WORTH IT DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.
AS FAR AS YOUR DECISION THIS AFTER-NOON IN KEROUBY
IT WAS AN EASY ONE, KID
THANKS

CAPTAIN GORLOSE! CAPTAIN GORLOSE!
¡TOC! ¡TOC! ¡TOC!
CAPTAIN GORLOSE! IT'S URGENT!
SHIT MUST IT BE NOW?!!
WHAT IS THE HELL-TOC?
THIS IS QUITE AN UNWELCOME INTERRUPTION
WELL WHERE IS THIS PILOT? LOOK WE CAN'T COME AND INTERRUPT AN OLDER AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT
HE'S NOT A PILOT CAPTAIN HE'S ONLY A MECHANIC BUT THEY USED HIM AS A PILOT
PILOT MECHANIC IT'S ALL THE SAME WHAT'S THE KID DOING HERE?
WE FOUND HIM SLEEPING IN YOUR OFFICE CAPTAIN I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT HERE HE SAYS HE'S NOT GOING TO LEAVE


GREAT WE FOUND IT ON THE MAP. NOW WE'LL LAND AT THE NORTH MILITARY AIRPORT
SO CAN I SLEEP?
YES
ZZZZ
AIR

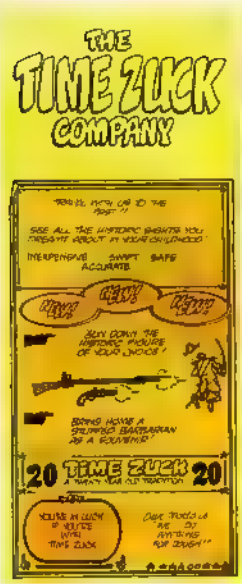
I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT YES YES I'M SO GO TO FAINT YEAH GOOD
WE WILL BE FLYING OVER THE GOLDEN HORS PALACE BETWEEN 6 AND 6 15 EVERYONE WILL BE AT A MEETING IN THE GREAT HALL

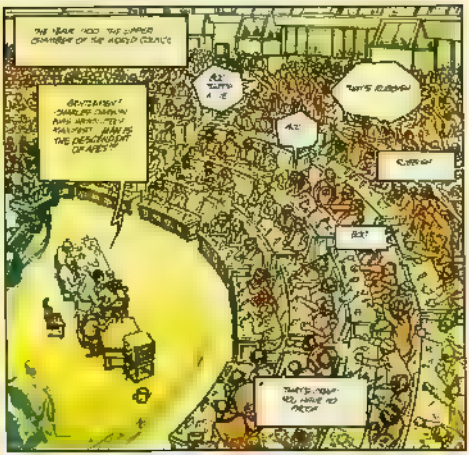
GOOG!
GUGG!

WHAT'S THAT? WHAT'S GOING ON?
THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS! YOU ARE SURROUNDED!
¡BANG! ¡BANG!
¡BANG!
¡BANG!
¡BANG!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE DOCTOR!
¡CRAC!
¡CRAC! ¡CRAC!
IT WAS NOW A TURN FOR THE MERCS! RIGHT AWAY, THEY ARE MEMBERS OF SOMEONE BEFORE THEIR CONQUESTS ARE ACHIEVED BY THOSE WHO ARE RUNNING BACK FROM A THREATENING SITUATION OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT

AGHHH!!
FASTER, DOCTOR FOSTER!!
DOCTOR!!
DOCTOR GALILEAN! OH NO!!
DIETER MY FRIEND! EVERY TIME I COMES TO AN END THE VESUVIUS IN VESUVIUS

MY FRIEND, DOCTOR GUILIAN, DID NOT HAVE THE STRENGTH TO TO SPEAK WITH WHAT STRENGTH HE HAD LEFT HE LOOKED FOR ONE LAST TIME AT THE BALLOON THAT HE HAD LOVED SO MUCH THOUGHT UNDERSTOOD THE UNSPOKEN REQUEST IN HIS EYES, WHICH HAD SEEN SO MUCH OF THE WORLD FROM UP HIGH. I HOPE I DID NOT MAKE A MISTAKE

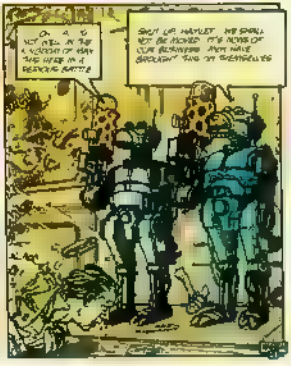

THE
TIME ZUCK
COMPANY
TRAVEL BACK IN TIME TO THE PAST !!
SEE ALL THE HISTORIC EVENTS YOU DREAMT ABOUT IN YOUR CHILDHOOD
INEXPENSIVE SWIFT SAFE ACCURATE
RENT
LEASE
BUY
GUN DOWN THE HISTORIC FIGURE OF YOUR CHOICE !
BRING HOME A SAVAGE BARBARIAN AS A SOUVENIR !
20 TIME ZUCK 20
A THIRTY YEAR OLD TRADITION
YOU'RE IN LUCK IF YOU'RE NOT TIME ZUCK
OUR TOOLS ARE SO ANTIQUE NOW EVEN !!
A GAGGOOT

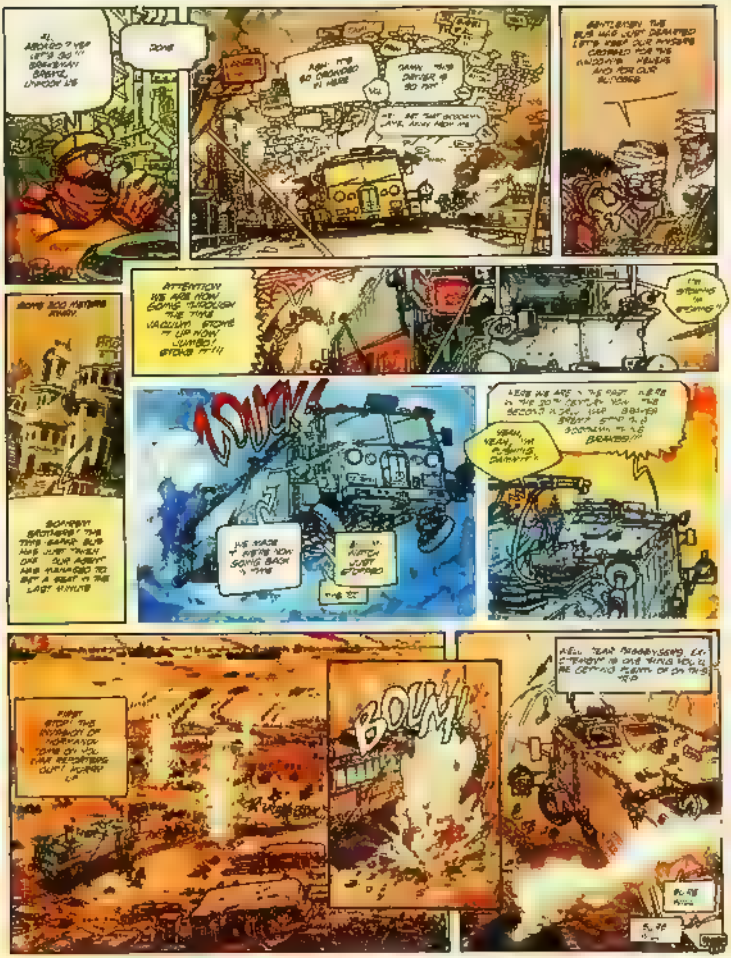

THE YEAR 1000 THE LARGEST CRANBERRY OF THE WORLD CRACKS
GENTLEMEN ! CHARLES DARWIN HAS ARRIVED TO ANNOUNCE HIS THEORY OF THE DESCENDENT OF APES !!
THAT'S RUBBISH
CLASSIC
THERE YOUR GO, HAVE SO PATCH

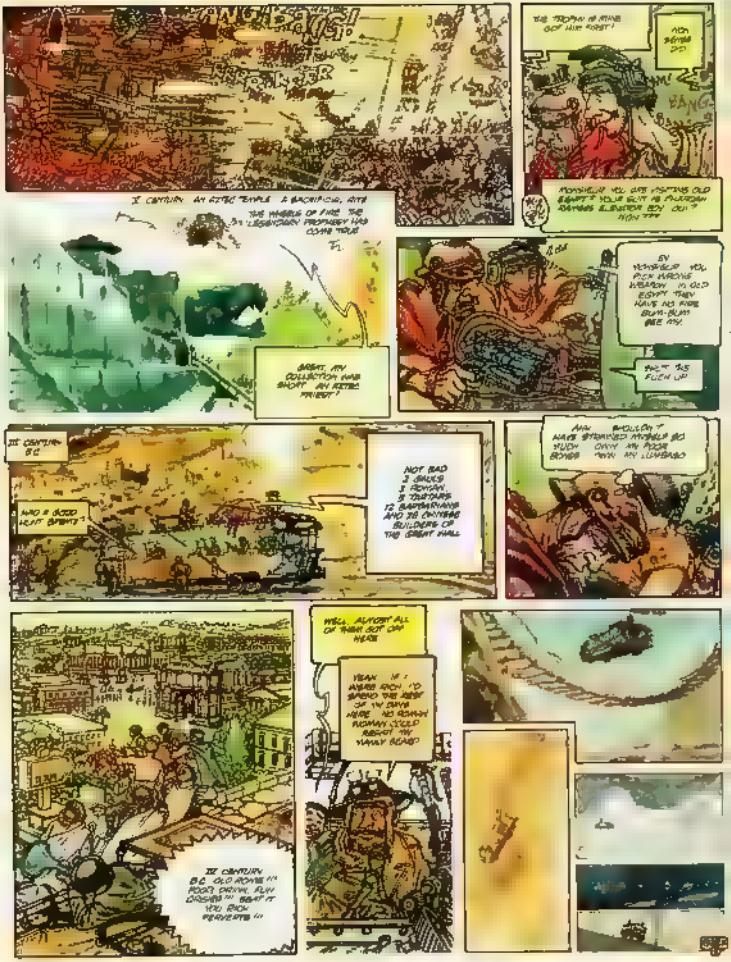
YES WE DO AS DO IT SAYS SO IN EVERY TEXTBOOK !
BUT DOWN WITH THE EVOLVE SYMPATHISERS !

LET'S HAVE THEM BOTH !!
CHEERS TO THE CRANBERRY
AND YOUR FOREIGN HOME
SWIFT & BASE GENTLEMEN, THIS IS A PARLIAMENT !

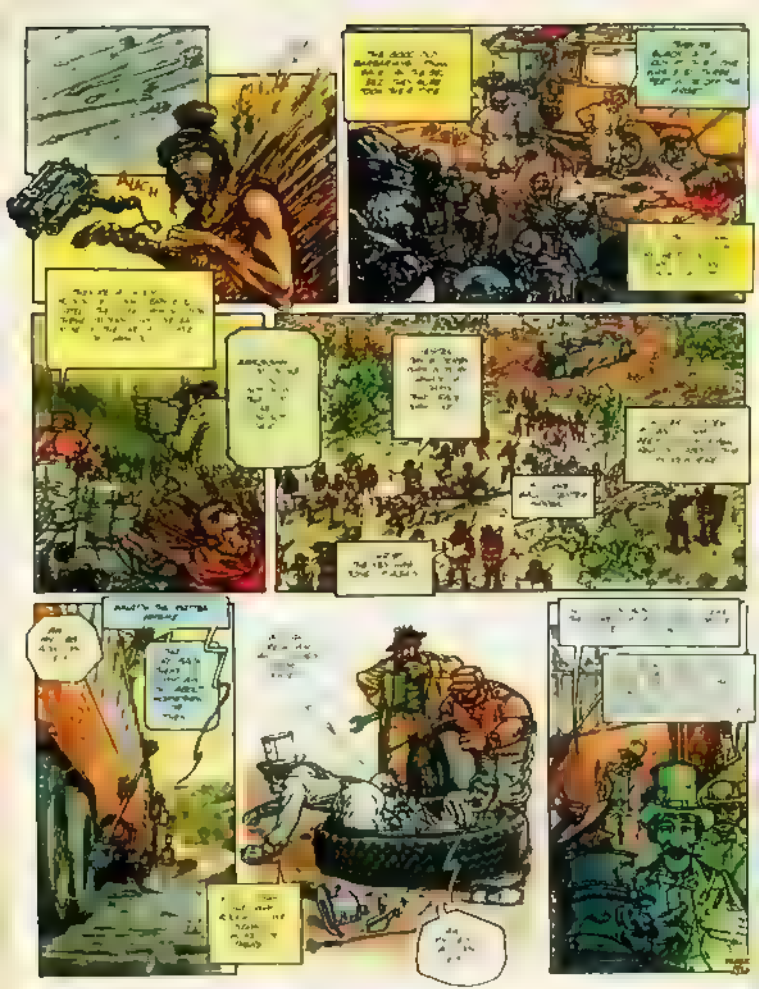
DRONK


OH, A IS NOT WELL IN THE A VICCOUNT OF HAN THIS WEEK IN A BEARDIE BATTLE
SHUT UP HAYLEY, WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED. IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS HOW HOLE BROOKLYN TWO IN SWEATSUITS

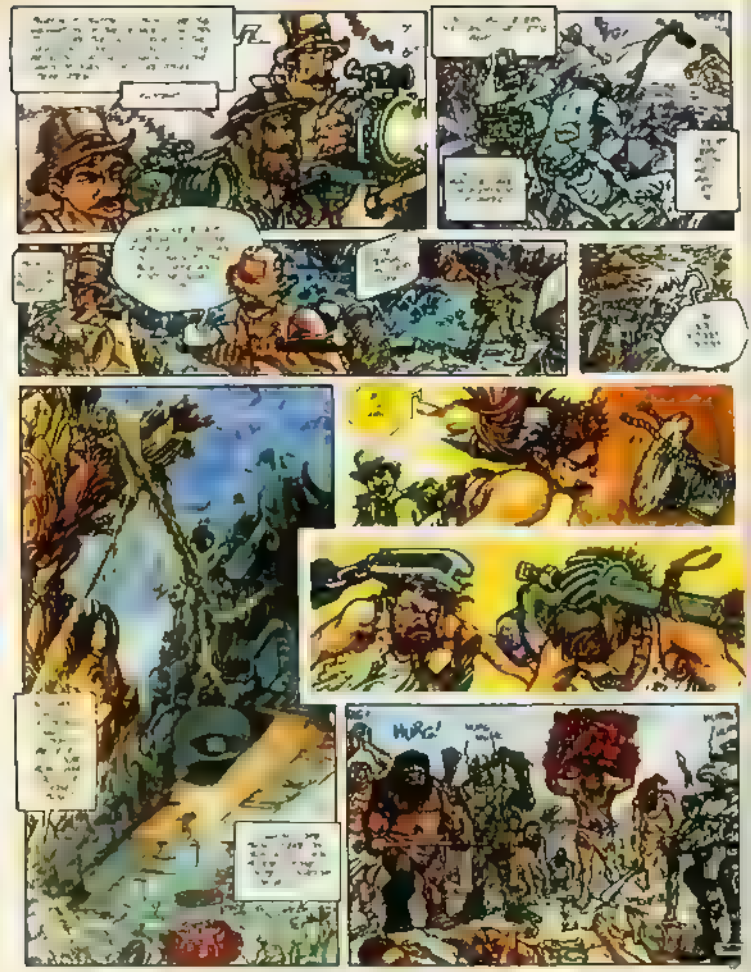

ALRIGHT ? HEY LET'S GO !!
DONE
ANGER
AGH ! I'M SO DRENCHED IN HERE
DAMN ! THIS DANGER IS SO FUN !
GENTLEMEN, THE BLUE WHO WON'T DRAMATIC LITTLE PRAY OUR MISSION CRASHED FOR THE KINGDOM HEAVEN AND FOR OUR ALLY!!!!!!
ATTENTION WE ARE NOW GOING THROUGH THE THICK VACUUM ZONE !! HOLD ON NOW ! JUMBO ! STICKS IT !!!
I'M STUCK IN STICKS !!
SOME 300 METERS AWAY.
BOOM!!!
WE'RE ARE ! THE FIRST WAVE IS THE 30 " DEPLOY YOU THE SECOND ! ALL THE BRAVE SHIP ! ALL SOLDIER, IT IS BRAVES !!!
YEAH, YEAH, I'M PLAYING DAMAGE !
HE MADE A HOLE NOW GOING BACK ! YES
A HUGE LIGHT SPOTTED
THE SKY
BOOM!!!
FIRST STOP ! THE ENTRANCE OF NORMANDY ! TIME TO GO ! STAY RECORDING ! DON'T WORRY !!
A.E.U. TEAM ASSEMBLY SEND EX-CYBERJAY IS ONE THING YOU'LL BE GETTING FLEAM OF ON THIS !!!
BOOM!!!
BOOM!!!

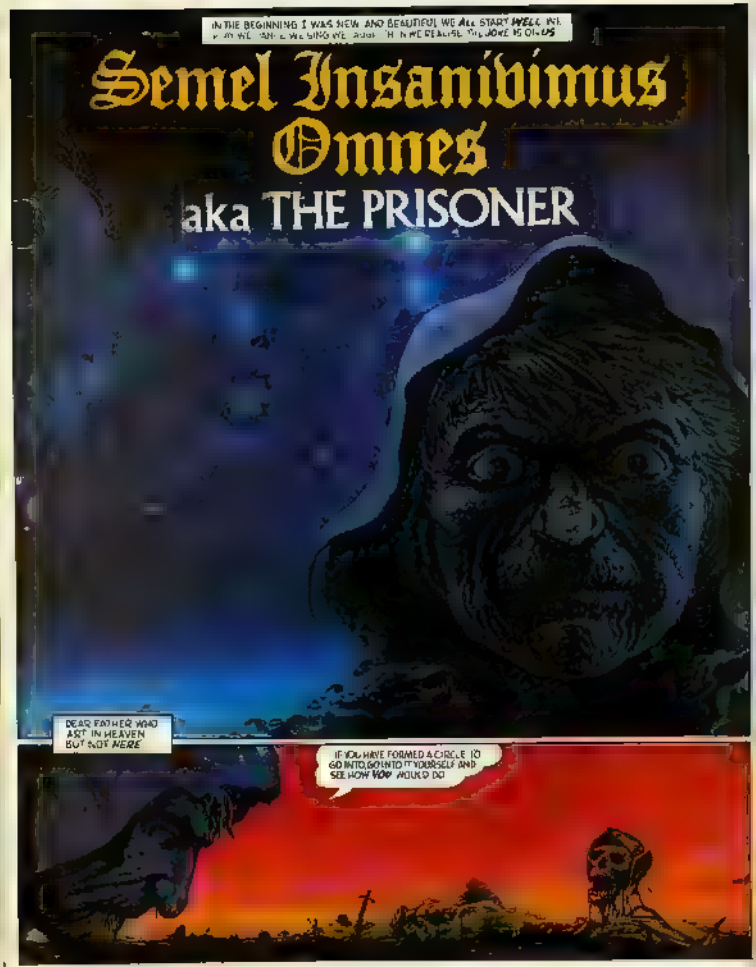

BANG!
THE TROPHY IS MINE OUT HIM FIRST!
NOW WATCH ME!
BANG
MONSIEUR YOU ARE HUNTING OLD EGYPT? YOU MUST BE PARISIAN BANKER ELEVATED BOY OH? NON?
X CENTURY. AN AZTEC TEMPLE. A SACRIFICIAL RITE
THE WHEELS OF FIRE THE LEGENDARY PROPHECY HAS COME TRUE
BRENT, MY COLLECTION WAS SHORT AN AZTEC PRIEST
EH MONSIEUR YOU PLAY HARDLY WEAPON IN OLD EGYPT THEY HAVE NO FIRE BUM-BUM ARE NY.
BUT IT'S FUN!
III CENTURY B.C.
WHO IS GOOD HUNT BRENT?
NOT BAD 2 SKULLS 3 ROMANS 3 TARTARS 12 BARBARIANS AND 28 CHINESE BUILDERS OF THE GREAT WALL
AHH BASILLION I HAVE STRANGLED MICHELE BIG YUCK ONLY AN ASS BROKER MAN ANY LUMBAGO
III CENTURY B.C. OLD ROME IN FOOD DRINK FUN CHASING !!! BEAT IT YOU BIG PERVERTS !!!
WELL, ALMOST ALL OF THEM GOT ON HERE
YEAH IF I WERE BORN TO SWING THE BEST OF MY DAYS WERE AS ROMAN GLADIATOR SCULPTED RIGHT ON MANLY BEARD

ZU-LU! ZU-LU!!
BOUNG!
ENOUGH!!! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!!! HAVE A ROTTEN JOURNEY TO HELL!!
WE'RE REAL SORRY. WE SINCERELY SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR PAIN. HERE HAVE AN ASPIRIN


AUGH

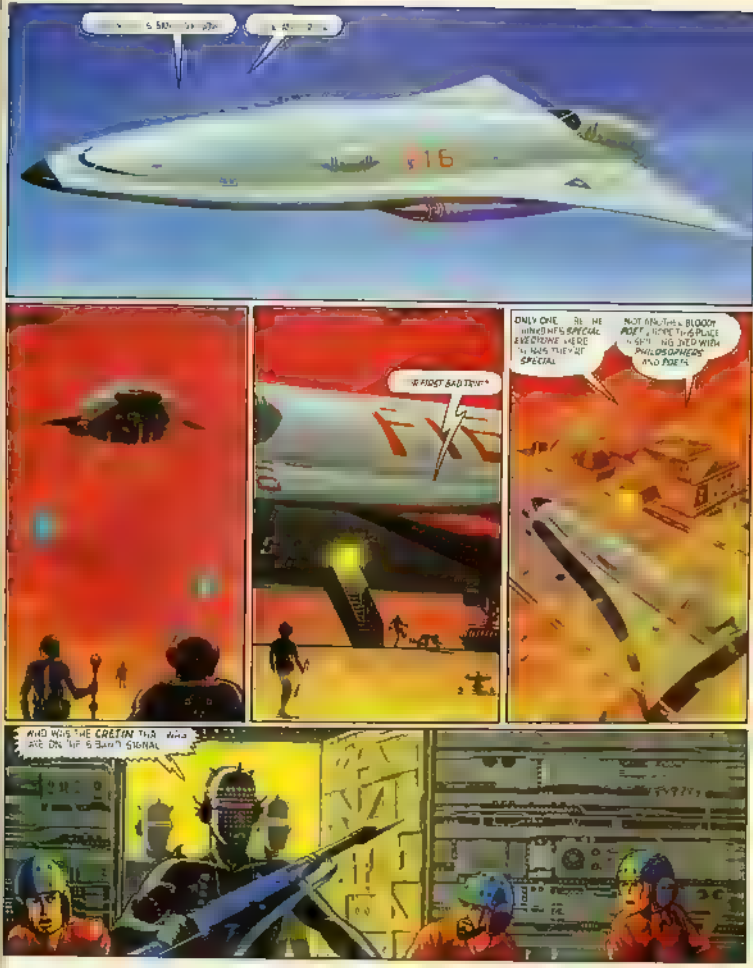
YOUGH!!


HURG!


IN THE BEGINNING I WAS NEW AND BEAUTIFUL WE ALL START WELL WE
Semel Insanivimus Omnes
aka THE PRISONER
DEAR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN BUT NOT HERE
IF YOU HAVE FORMED A CIRCLE TO GO INTO, GO INTO IT YOURSELF AND SEE HOW YOU WOULD DO

HOW NOBLE
HOW EXPRESS AND ADMIRABLE!
A BEAUTY OF THE WORLD
PARAGON OF
AND YET TO ME
WHAT IS QUINTESSENCE OF DUST
MAN
WOMAN

I SEE CRAZY JOE IS BACK AGAIN. WHAT IS T HIS TIME, MALBETH ROMEO AND JULIET?
HAMLET ACT TWO SCENE TWO HE'S BEEN SITTING OUT THERE IN THE RAIN FOR HOURS JUST RAVING T
BE NOT CHASTE AS ICE PURE AS SNOW NOT EVEN T NOT ESCAPE CALUMNY
WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT HERE ON TARTARUS HELL WHOLE OF THE THIRD DYNASTY WE WOULD BECOME INFATUATED FANATICALLY WITH THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AN OBSCURE AUTHOR OF THE DEMISE OF ANCIENT EARTH
YES T JUST GOES TO PROVE THE WISDOM OF PART OLD ADAGE TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION
JOHNSON DU'EL 3 JULIA SHIFT ULT BACK TO DUKE ONSOLE THERE'S ANOTHER SIMPMEL GOING IN
HMMM T


16
IF FIGHT BAD TRIP*
ONLY ONE OF US HAS ANY SPECIAL EXECTRONS HERE AND IT WAS THEY'RE SPECIAL
NOT ANOTHER BLOODY ASSET, I HOPE THEY PLACE SOMETHING INSIDE WITH PHILOSOPHERS AND POETS
WHO WAS THE CRETIN THAT WHO ARE ON THE 6 BAM! SIGNAL

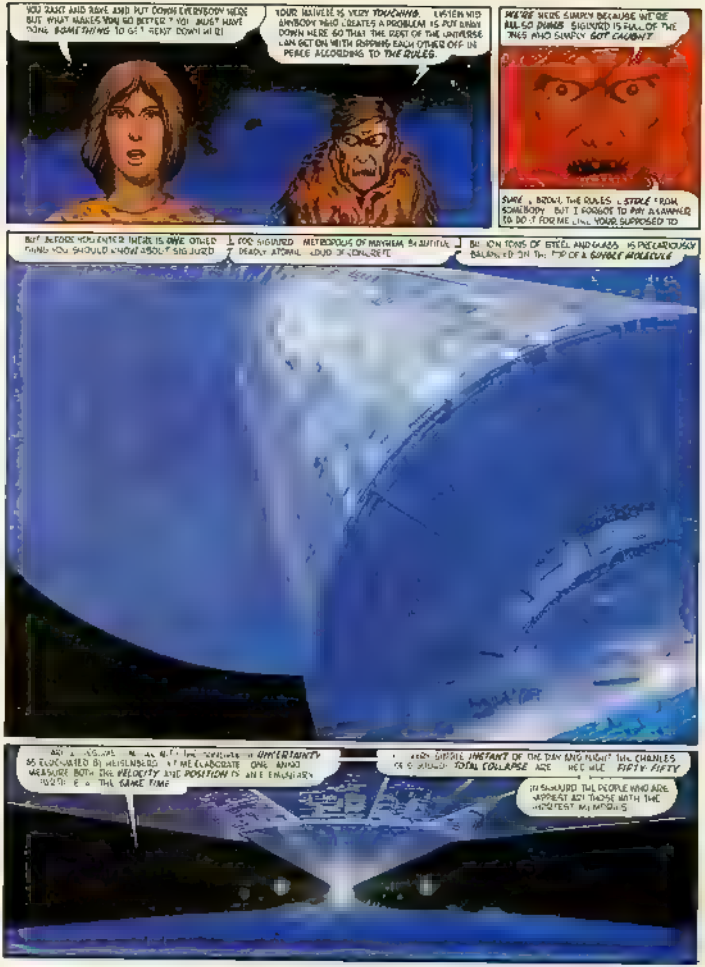
WHEW! JUST WHAT DOES SOMEBODY HAVE TO DO TO GET SOME ATTENTION AROUND HERE?
WELL, JUST LOOKS LIKE NOBODY HERE IS COMMUNICATE
HEY
THE WIDOW
SSSS
YOU IDIOTS! DON'T TAKE ANYTHING FREE

FREE? MY DEAR BOY THIS IS TARTARUS! INFAMOUS PRISON PLANET OF THE THIRD DYNASTY
THIS WHOLE WORLD IS YOUR JAIL HOUSE
HA HA HA HA HA!
HA HA HA!!
NOW WHY DOES THAT SAYING COME TO MIND?
LAUGH ASSHOLES! I GOT NEWS FOR YOU! YOUR RELIEF CREW DIDN'T MAKE THIS FLIGHT SO YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER SIX MONTHS SPELL OF DUTY 'N THERE 'PALS!
HA HA HA
HAVE FUN! I HOPE YOU GOT PLENTY JOKES LEFT TO TELL. I HEAR THE ART OF CONVERSATION IS DYING
AN CONGRATULATIONS
WHAT FOR?
THOSE WHO COME TO TARTARUS LEAVE EVERYTHING BEHIND INCLUDING THEIR SENSE OF HUMOUR
AGENT NOX AT ALL WORRIED ABOUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU
MAN SUFFERS ENOUGH WITH MEMORIES OF THE FOLLIES OF HIS PAST
THRICE CURSED IS HE WHO KNOWS HIS FUTURE

HE KNOWS IT — ONE
SCHOOLER OF LIGHT
HAS CAST ANOTHER
STAR INTO OUR ABYSS
IS THIS HER CHARNELISTIC HEART
YES THERMONUCLEAR ENERGY 80PA
A THOUSAND SUNS
SHINING FOR THE MASS

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE I'M IN JAIL
YOU'LL GET USED TO IT EVENTUALLY YOU'RE BECOME UTTERLY CONVINCED THAT YOUR LIFE IS NORMAL IN EVERY RESPECT
WHO ARE YOU BATMAN HOW DID YOU END UP IN THIS PLANETARY HELL?
WHO AM I ?! HA HA HA! THE DIFFICULT QUESTIONS FIRST EH?!
PERHAPS GOD HAS SENT ME HERE TO HELP ME FIND OUT
LIFE IS ONE LONG PROCESS OF GETTING TIRED
OLD MAN YOU SAY I AM IN HELL WELL IF I AM IN HELL THERE ARE TWO THINGS I NEED IN ORDER TO SAVE MY SOUL
A WOMAN AND SOME LOUD MUSIC
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS THEN YOU HAVE BEEN PROVIDED FOR BY GOD
OR PERHAPS THE DEVIL OOK THERE
SIGMUND CITY OF EVIL

IT LOOKS LIKE A GIANT MUSHROOM
THAT'S RIGHT AND JUST WAIT TILL YOU GET YOUR NOSE TASTE OF IT I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF
OOOOOOOOWWWRRR
WHAT'S THAT
THE HOWLING BEAST ON THE BORDERLINE THAT SEPARATES YOU FROM ME
THAT ROAR IS A HELL HOLE AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN ILLUSION AND REALITY IS TERRIFYINGLY THIN HERE
OLD MAN YOU SEEM FURTHERING THE SHIT OUT OF ME BUT YOUR WORDS SOMETIMES MAKE EVEN MORE
LIKE ALL SOCIETIES SIGNUR: MANTA IS A MIRROR OF HIS SELF BEHAVIOUR BUT DON'T BE FOOLED THIS MIRROR IS A DEVIOUS AND DISTORTING ONE
AH PEOPLE OF THE TOP ARE THE BIGGEST CROOKS FOR WHAT GREATER TESTIMONY TO YOUR CORRUPTION CAN IT BE THAN TO SUCCEED IN A WORLD WHICH IS FOUNDED ON THE BEGIN WITH

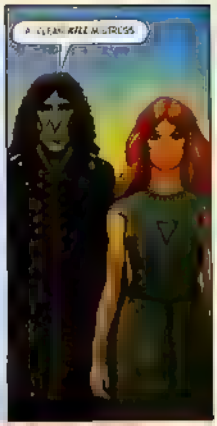

YOU JUST AND HAVE AND PUT DOWN EVERYBODY HERE BUT WHAT MAKES YOU SO BETTER ? YOU MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO GET SENT DOWN HERE
YOUR WRONG IS VERY TOUCHING. EVEN WHEN ANYBODY TRIES TO CREATES A PROBLEM IS PUT RIGHT DOWN HERE SO THAT THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE CAN GET ON WITH DISPOSING EACH OTHER OFF IN PEACE ACCORDING TO THE RULES.
WE'RE HERE SIMPLY BECAUSE WE'RE ALL SO DAMNED SIGNIFICANT IS FULL OF THE JAILS AND SIMPLY GOT CAUGHT
SAME . BROKE THE RULES . STOLE FROM SOMEBODY BUT I CONSIDER TO PAY A HANDLER TO DO IT FOR ME . I'LL YOUR SUPPOSED TO
BUT BEFORE YOU ENTER IN HERE IS ONE OTHER THING YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT SIGNIFICANT
CODE SIGNIFIED METROPOLIS OF MAYHEM, BEAUTIFUL DEADLY ATOMIC CLOUD OF ICONCRETE
BUILDING TONS OF STEEL AND GLASS IS PRECARIOUSLY BALANCED ON THE TIP OF A SINGLE MOLECULE
ACCORDING TO THE UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE AS ELUCIDATED BY HEISENBERG IF ONE ELABORATE ONE CANNOT MEASURE BOTH THE VELOCITY AND POSITION OF AN ELECTRON AT THE SAME TIME
THERE SHOULD BE AN INSTANT OF THE DAY AND NIGHT THAT CHANGES FROM TOTAL COLLAPSE ARE WE'RE FIFTY FIFTY
SIGNIFICANT PEOPLE WHO ARE HOPEFUL ARE THOSE WITH THE HIGHEST MOTIVES

CONGRATULATIONS. YOU'RE NOT DYING AWAY SCREAMING IN TERROR. OR PERHAPS IT IS THAT YOU ARE TRAPPED IN WITH THEM. RIGHT. AS WELL.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PASS THE POINT OF NO RETURN.
AND THEN, YOUR FIDGET SPIN UNTO THE METAL BASE OF THE WORLD
YOU CAN'T SURVIVE OUTSIDE IN THE DESERT FOR VERY LONG WITHOUT RESOURCES. THEY HAVE BUILT THIS. I'M KNEW THAT EVERYONE MUST EVENTUALLY COME HERE. WE RISK SUDDEN DEATH A TRIED TO JUST SURVIVE.
BUT SOME TRY TO LIGHTEN THEIR BURDEN OF ANXIETY BY TRANSFERRING THE SHOULDERS TO OTHERS.
HURRY HARRY! DID YOU GET ANYTHING GOOD DRINK TOBACCO.
YEAH DO... Y
NO RETURN
TINY FLAWS
BUT IN THE END, THEY WHO ARE THE LOSERS FOR THEY CAN NO LONGER ENJOY LIFE AT ALL. LIFE FOR THOSE WHO LIVE ONE LONG EXISTENTIAL FEARING OF DEATH.
IT'S TRUE THEN DEATH TAKES US EVERLASTING, NOT AS A GULP.
EXCELLENT. YOU ARE NOW ONE OF US. EITHER INCREDIBLY INTELLIGENT OR INCREDIBLY STUPID. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHICH.
YOU AND THE REST OF THOSE IN SIN ARE HAVE AT LEAST LEARNED ONE THING. HOW TO CULTIVATE A CERTAIN ENJOYMENT OF IT.

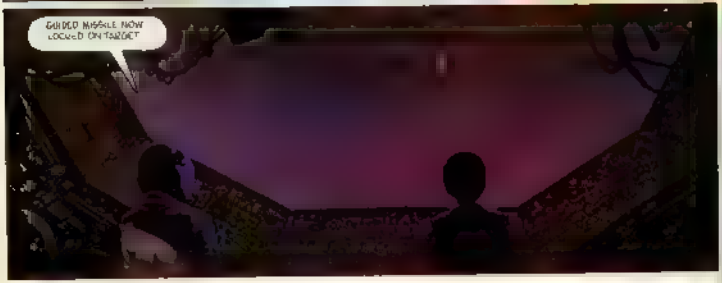
EVERYTHING ISN'T IF YOU CAN'T CLOSE YOUR EYES TO IT THOUGH. YOU'RE PART OF THIS NOW
HEY BY! HERE! HAVE A DRINK!
HEY! LET OUT THAT DAMN LIGHT!
LISTEN. YOU WANNA SEE SOMETHING? C'MERE.
HEY! YOU'RE A REAL MAN TELL ME PLEASE I'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT'S IT LIKE? WHAT'S IT REALLY LIKE, HUH?
WHAT'S WHAT LIKE?
WOW! WILMA, LOOK! WHAT HE'S DOING TO HER WOW!

SEX OF COURSE!! SEX!!
WHAT'S I LIKE
REAL WOMAN
O GOD I JUST CAN'T STAND IT I CAN'T STAND IT
OH WELL WHATEVER HE'S NOT THROUGH THE NIGH
EEEEyyy
SICK ALREADY!
POINT SIX THREE O' DECLASSIFIED

COME ON BOY! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER AT MIDNIGHT ALL THE MORELS AND THE BLOODHUNGRY CREW COME OUT AND ROUND UP EVERYONE WHO KNOWS MORE THAN THEY DO.
I KNOW. LEAVE ME ALONE. I JUST WANT TO WALLOW IN THE GUTTER AND DIE
IS A MIRACLE
CAN MUSIC SAVE YOUR MORTAL SOUL?
WE'RE SO PRETTY
MY HEART'S BEATING AGAIN MAN IN TIME TO THE MUSIC
HELL DOESN'T HAVE TO BE SO GODDAMN LOUD !?


A CLEAN KILL MISTRESS

WHAT a PIECE OF WORK IS WOMAN! SO LOVELY SO FEARFUL A DASH FOR THE BOOKS IF THE DEVIL DOESS HER NOT HAVE HER WIT ELS ENOUGH


GUIDED MISSILE NOW LOCKED ON TARGET

WISH I WAS A ROCK STAR
ANY SHITFACE CAN BE A STAR IT'S BEING A GREAT ROCK AMERICAN THAT COUNTS
WELL THAT'S WHAT I MEANT DIDN'T I ?
MAAN! YOU AINT GOT A SNOWFLAKE IN THE SUN'S CHANCE ASSHOLE YOU'RE TOO GOOD LOOKING
HERE PEL TY BOY DO YOURSELF A FAVOUR USE THIS RAZOR ON YOUR FACE AND YOU JUST MIGHT MAKE IT
YOUR JUST GREEN FOR PREPPY-NOW LOOK THE BLACKS GAVE BIRTH TO THE BLUES
YOU CAN LIVE FOR THE MUSIC OR YOU CAN LIVE FOR YOURSELF BUT YOU CAN'T DO BOTH
SURE YOU WANT TO BE A GREAT ROCK MUSICIAN JUST SO LONG AS THE PRICE AIN'T TOO HIGH
SHIT NOT THOSE LOSERS FROM THE CHURCH MISSION AGAIN ALWAYS COMIN DOWN HERE TRYIN TO SAVE US ALL
THEY'RE JUST GODDAMN JEALOUS KIDS WE PICK UP HUNDREDS A GROUPIES EVERY NIGHT HORNY BASTARDS
NOW THESE SINNERS TURN YOUR FACE TO THE LIGHT REJECT THE HOSTING FLESH OR BE FOREVER DAMNED!
SO FUCK YOURSELVES YA PERVERTS
AS NIETZSCHE SAYS FROM CARNAL DESIRE WHICH IN WOMEN IS INEXTINGUISHABLE

I WANNA BE ANARCHIST
GET PISSED DESTROY ♫
SOMETIMES I ALMOST WISH THAT I DID HAVE A FEW REALLY GOOD SCARS
AHA DON'T GET IT WRONG YOU BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE DON'T SURVIVE FOR LONG IN TARTARUS
WHAT'S IN IT?
TWO SIGNS - REASON: RADIOACTIVITY AND WOMEN
TARTARUS IS SUSPENDED IN AN ATOMIC DUST CLOUD THE FOOD YOU EAT THE WATER YOU BREATHE IS PERMEATED WITH RADIOACTIV FALLOUT YOUR BODY IS DECAYING AWAY
EVEN THOUGH YOU FEEL IT AND WELL YOU ARE IN ACT DOING MILLIONS BRAIN CELLS EVERY MINUTE YOU ARE GOING BALD AND YOUR TEETH ARE PREPARING TO FALL OUT IN A FEW MONTHS YOU WILL LOOK JUST LIKE

ME!
YOU LUCKY LUCKY BOY HAPPINESS IS YOURS YOUR WISH IS GOING TO COME TRUE
AAA.
TO HIS EXCELLENT BITTER AND TWISTED SELF YOU'RE GOING TO HATE LIFE WITH EVERY FIBRE OF YOUR BEING BUT BELIEVE ME YOU WILL COME TO THAT SO TENACIOUSLY HA-HA
IF TOTAL ALIENATION MEANS ANYTHING MEANS STRANGLED OUT AND CASTING YOUR OWN SHADOW SO BELOW THIS DUSK YOU WILL COME TO KNOW YOURSELF NEVER MORE BEFORE
WHERE IS OUR SENSE OF HUMOUR NOW THEN? HA HA HA
WHAT GREATER HORROR CAN THERE BE?!
EE.. I STILL HAVEN'T TOLD YOU ABOUT
BOOM
EEEEYYAAA

AAAAAAAAAAAA
THE WOMEN
I HAVE ONLY ONE PIECE OF ADVICE SLEEP ALONE AT NIGHT WITH YOUR KNIFE IN HAND AND BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU DREAM

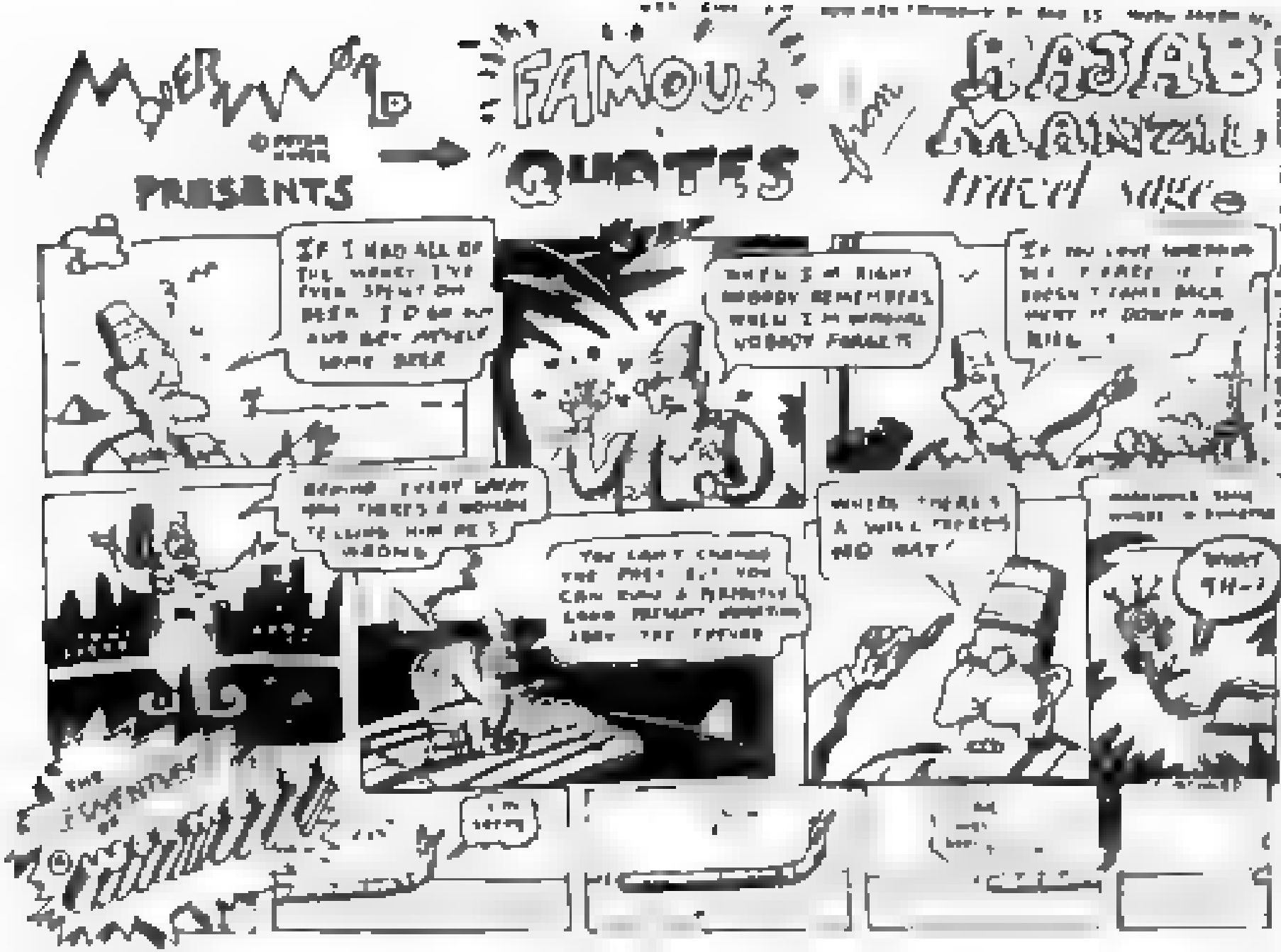
THE MOON IS BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT
HA THAT'S ARTIFICIAL TOO
BOOM
HEE HEE ANOTHER ONE WHO COULDN'T RESIST SURE YOU DON'T WANT ANY OF THIS PRIME VERY JUICY
CHOMP SLURP
A VERY SIMPLE MECHANISM REALLY

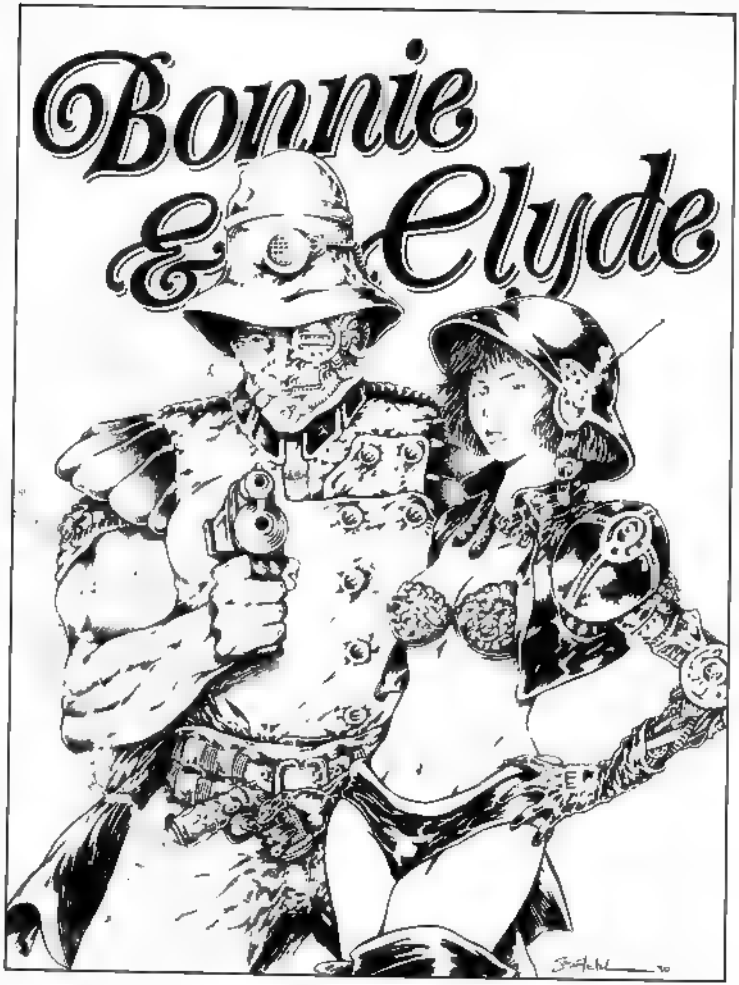
AN INTRA-UTERINE DEVICE COMPRISED OF A SMALL PRESSURE PLATE WIRED TO A COMPACT DETONATOR CAP SURROUNDED BY ONE HUNDRED POUNDS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE
FASCINATING. YOU'RE A GENIUS THE CIVILISED WORLD WILL BE FOREVER INDEBTED TO YOU.
TAKE AN ARTIFICIAL WOMAN INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE NATURAL WOMAN
WHEN DOCTOR TAKES A TOUR OF THE VAGINAL PASSAGE THIS DEVIL PROVIDES A SAFE EXPEDIENT ONE HUNDRED PERCENT EFFECTIVE DEFENCE AGAINST THE RAMPANT BEAST THAT LURKS IN THE DARK HEART OF MAN
SOMEWHERE A LINE MUST BE DRAWN. THIS WORLD IS ONE OF DECADENCY AND DECAY. OUR MISSION IS TO SEEK THE WAYS IN TECHNOLOGY IF POSSIBLE BUT NOT, CHOOSE THE BETTER PATH THEN W... FOR MAN
AT A MOMENT OF UNCONTROLLED EMOTION ONE MOMENT OF IRRATIONALITY OUR TOUCH OF THE PRESSURE PLATE AND
BOOM
THERE GOES ANOTHER HUMAN FUCKED

AND THE WORLD IS A GAMBLING TABLE SO ARRANGED THAT ALL WHO ENTER THE CASINO MUST PLAY AND ALL MUST LOSE MORE OR LESS MEANING IN THE LONG RUN THOUGH THEY WIN OCCASIONALLY BY THE WAY
SAMUEL BUTLER "EREWHON"
THE MAN WHO ENTERS HIS WIFE'S DRESSING ROOM IS EITHER A PHILOSOPHER OR A FOOL
THE ONLY WAY TO GET RID OF A TEMPTATION IS TO YIELD TO IT
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HE DOESN'T HAVE TOO MANY FRIENDS AROUND HERE
THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT ALL PAIN IS DUMB
THE DARKNESS OF DAWN THE PEACE IS BROKEN
SO I SAID TO HIM
NO YOU DIDN'T I SAID THAT
NO YOU DIDN'T I DID!
WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS ARGUING WITH ME?!
YES YOU ARE
I'M NOT
I'M NOT I'M NOT!
OH YES YOU ARE!
OH NO I'M NOT!
SWEAR IT'S TRUE SHE WAS COVERED WITH SOFT PINK FLESH AND WARM ALL OVER!!
I CAN ASSURE YOU THEY'RE NOT SIMILES THEY ARE METAPHORS
ARGH! ACTUAL FLESH! HOW GROTESQUE!

HEE HEE HEE
YOURSELF ISN'T SO UGLY!
DO YOU REMEMBER SHE-HA
MY TEETH AAGH!
PERHAPS GOD HAS SENT ME HERE TO FIND OUT WHY...
YOU WANTED THE TRUTH? IS IT TOO GREAT A BURDEN TO BEAR?!
LEAVE ME ALONE YAAAAAAAGH! MY HAIR!
LOOK AT YOURSELF
AS YOU REALLY ARE

SO YOU FOUND ME AT LAST
GUESS I ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD ALL CATCH UP WITH ME ONE DAY
HMM'M
ALTHOUGH THE WORLD IS ALWAYS MISS WHEN I
WE READ THE WORLD WRONG
THE WORLD IS A BRIDE OF SURPASSING BEAUTY
BUT REMEMBER THAT THIS MAIDEN IS NEVER
THIS WORLD IS HARD TO LOVE THOUGH WE MUST LOVE IT BECAUSE WE HAVE NO OTHER WAY TO FEEL TO LOVE IT IS NOT TO EXIST AT ALL
BOOM
THE CONSEQUENCES OF OUR ACTIONS TAKE HOLD OF US QUITE UNEXPECTEDLY TO DECLARE THAT MEANINGLESS WE HOPE UNPRODUCTIVE ANAL SCENE
END


PRESENTS
FAMOUS
QUOTES
IF I HAD ALL OF THE MONEY I'VE EVER SPENT ON BEER I'D BE OUT AND BUY MYSELF SOME BEER
WHEN I'M RIGHT NOBODY REMEMBERS WHEN I'M WRONG NOBODY FORGETS
IF YOU LOVE SOMETHING SET IT FREE IF IT DOESN'T COME BACK HUNT IT DOWN AND KILL IT
BEHIND EVERY GREAT MAN THERE'S A WOMAN TO LOOK HIM IN THE WRONG
YOU CAN'T CHANGE THE PAST BUT YOU CAN RUIN A PERFECTLY GOOD PRESENT WORRYING ABOUT THE FUTURE
WHEN THERE'S A WILL THERE'S NO HAT
WHAT TH-?
THE ADVENTURES OF


Bonnie
& Clyde

STATION
HEY BOY WATCH THE LANGUAGE AROUND THE LADIES OUR GUEST IS SENSITIVE
F**KING ANIMAL
NEGLIGIBLE GUNK DEAD ANYWAY THERE HAS BEEN EYES
EYES GET IN OUR WAY
SO THAT'S A TOUGH PART. THINK POSITIVE. WE ARE ARMY AND A LEG IS NO EXCUSE. NO ARMS NO
IT'S A TOUGH DECISION FOR ANYBODY
BLONDE BABE AFTER THIS WHAT YOU CAN HAVE ARMS FROM YOUR TRIP IF YOU WANT TO

TODAY I'LL CRUSH THEM THIS EYEBALL SHIPMENT IS WORTH AN EASY MILLION IN THE STREETS WHEN THEY MOVE WE'LL BE READY
FLIGHT
FLIGHT
MOON DEST.
KATE STILL HAS A REPULSIVE MENTAL IMAGE OF CLIVE ON A MISSION EVERY SINCE THE NEW STYLED BOWIE AND CLIVE MIMIC SHANGHAIED A BIONIC MONKEY WHICH MIGHT HAVE SAVED HER POODLE'S LIFE STILL HAD MADE THEIR CAPTURE HER PERSONAL #1 ALIEN
GRANDPA PAY ATTENTION WE'RE NOT BACK ON PLANET SCUTTAGE BUSTING BODY PART PUSHERS THIS IS BIG TIME
ALIGH STILL IT IS CHOCK FULL OF ILLEGAL E BANNED AND OD VERT TRACINGS EVEN THE COURIERS DON'T KNOW PHOBE OF THE REAL BUSY PARTS
HOLD ON, SIR DO YOU HAVE ANY MECHANICAL BODY PARTS?
JUST MY EAR
LEAVE IT IN THE LOCKER AND PROCEED AGAIN OKAY. CLEAR THANK YOU
WOW ABOUT HIM? MEASURED STEP NECKTIE THINK HE'S THE DEALER
RAMON AND HE'S GOT A BOX I'LL HOP WHEN I'M SURE THEN CANCEL HIM
CLIVE JOSTLED THE MAN IN FRONT OF THE BATHROOM
KLUNK KLUNK KLUNK KLUNK
THE BOX TICKED RAMON, KLAK KLUNK KLAK. IT HAD THE FEEL AND CLACK OF EYEBALLS. CLIVE NODDED
BONNIE RAISED HER SHUB NOSE AND FARED
PUM!

GOOD TO SEE YA LET'S WASH UP
restrooms
EARLY WHEN THE RESTROOM HE DRAGGED THE BODY INTO A STALL
EVERYWHERE YOU GO LIKE MOON LICE
SKEUS
BUNNY SALVADOR HAD HURTLED OUT OF HER METAL ARM SOMEWHERE PRIVATELY HORRIFIED SHE DETECTED THE ALIEN SAVE
BZZZ
SHIT THE BOY IS CHAINED TO HIS HARNESS FOR THE ROCKET BUZZ SAW!
BZZZ
VINNY, YOU CAN ALWAYS SMELL THEIR CHEAP SUITS

SHE GAUNTLETED OVER TO THE REFRESHMENT STAND
GIVE ME A NICOTINE GUMBALL AND AN EARTH STYLE COKE
HOW ABOUT GOING THAT WAY ELSE?
IN YOUR DREAMS NOW SPEED IT UP
YEAH YEAH
SUDDENLY IT MATERIALIZED THE DOOR OF VINYL
GOT ANY POPCORN?
HEY THERE WHAT'S THE BIG STICK FOR?
WHACKING
OH NOT THAT ONE SILLY
WHA? WHY ER SEE?
THICK AND CRUDE WAVE STUN'A SIGS KICK WAS EASY TO RECOGNIZE
RE, MARKOBER YOU JUST CRUISING AROUND TO IMPRESS GIRLS?
SUE GUD HERE HAND ACROSS HIS CHEST CUZ HE AVOID IN TH HIS EARTH TY WAYS
HOW ATTRACTIVE
WOW THE CAL TO ACTION WAIT FOR ME HERE?
beeplbeep
IN YOUR DREAMS
HE'K NO IN WORKING CODE GOT AN EXTRA THING IT IN JUST PLAST
AS CRUNCHER PLUNGED HOT WIRED BUNG DASHED FOR THE PARKING LOT

BRAKKABRAKKABRAKKA
BLAM
YOU'VE WANTED TO DIE
GET THIS BOND OUT OF HERE
CLYDE ARGHERED WITH HIS AUTOMATIC
NOT CLOSE ENOUGH, NOW, IT'S MY TURN!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

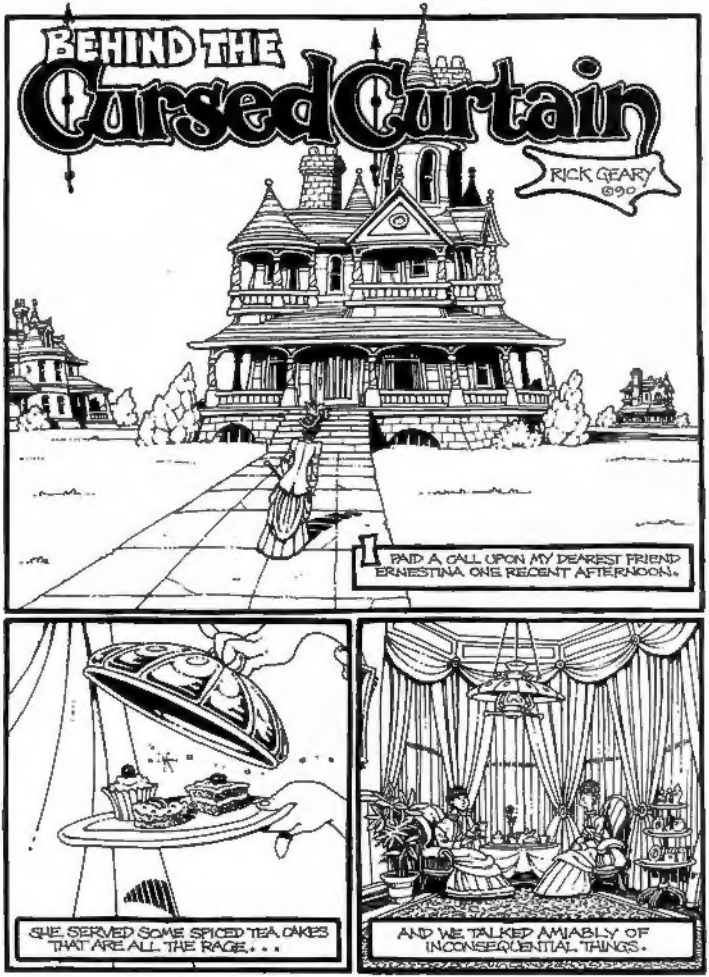
BLAM BLAM

THE BLAST FROM STAN'S RAY GUN KNOCKED ONE CYCLE OUT OF COMMISSION BUNTIE KEPT RIDING

EXIT AND PARKING LEVEL 1

OH YEAH! CATA-PILLING IS LOTS OF FUN
ARE YOU OKAY, BOY, SON?
THAT'S MY PARTNER UH-OH BOY, NO TIME REACH TO KNOCK DOWN A TREE OR ... HELP?
VROOMM
I AM THE MYSTERY
CRUNCHER? BACON? WHERE DO YOU ...?
AROUND
HOLD IT
WATCH OUT IT'S THE REPLACEMENT PAPER PATROL UNDERCOVER TYPE CUBS CRUNCHER AND STUN
I DON'T GET THROUGH YET
FOO. WE'RE ALMOST THERE ACCOMPLICES STAND BACK
YES SIR
WHAT CEMENT HEADS
FORTUNATELY NOW OFF TO EARN STRIPES!

LATER, IN THE SECLUSION OF THEIR APARTMENT OF STARDUST ALLEY
APARTMENTS
HOME WITH OUR GOLD PLATED BOY BABE
GREAT. AN ARM FOR ME & NEW TAIL FOR BARK. HOW ABOUT YOU CLYDE?
EVERYTHING WANT IT ALL, I'LL JUST WRENCH THAT BEAUTY OFF!
THERE
WEIRD EYES
THEY'RE MARBLES DAMN IT! HIT THE DECOY
GOOD BYE GOOD LIFE SCARY BARK
HEY BON BON WE'LL HIT BIG NEXT TIME. THEN WE'LL FIT BARK WITH WHEELS SO HE NEVER HAS TO WALK AGAIN
YOU MEAN T CLYDE?
SURE STICK WITH ME BABE
The End!
by Rebecca and Jim Fletcher


BEHIND THE
Cursed Curtain
RICK GEARY
©90
I PAID A CALL UPON MY DEAREST FRIEND ERNESTINA ONE RECENT AFTERNOON.
SHE SERVED SOME SPICED TEA CAKES THAT ARE ALL THE RAGE...
AND WE TALKED AMIABLY OF INCONSEQUENTIAL THINGS.

BY THE WAY, DOROTHEA, I HAVE DISCOVERED AN UNSETTLING PHENOMENON HERE IN MY OWN HOME.
HEAVENS, WHAT CAN IT BE?
IT APPEARS THAT A PARTICULAR CURTAIN — THAT ONE OVER THERE — CARRIES SOME SORT OF CURSE.
A CURSE! SURELY YOU CANNOT MEAN IT!
BUT I DO. THE PERSON WHO LOOKS BEHIND THIS CURTAIN COMES TO ATTRACT ILL-FORTUNE.
MY WORD... WHAT LIES BEHIND IT?
ONLY THE WALL... I SHOULDN'T LOOK IF I WERE YOU.
HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS TO BE TRUE?
IT HAPPENED TO MY LATE AUNT VICTORINE — WHOSE DEMISE CAME IN A SUDDEN AND SICKENING WAY...
...AND TO MY NEIGHBOR, MRS. TINBUNK, WHOSE ANKLE HAS INEXPLICABLY VANISHED.

NEVERTHELESS, I COULD NOT RESIST THE IMPULSE TO PEER, BEHIND THE CURTAIN.
OH, DOROTHEA!
NOW, DON'T SAY YOU WEREN'T WARNED.
I DON'T FEEL ANY DIFFERENT!
NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULD.
WELL, I MUST BE OFF. GOODBYE, ERNESTINA.
FAREWELL, MY DEAR...

I WALKED HOME, WONDERING WHAT DISASTER WOULD BEFALL ME...
AND I SAT IN THE PARLOR, AWAITING MY FATE.
THUS FAR, I AM DISAPPOINTED.